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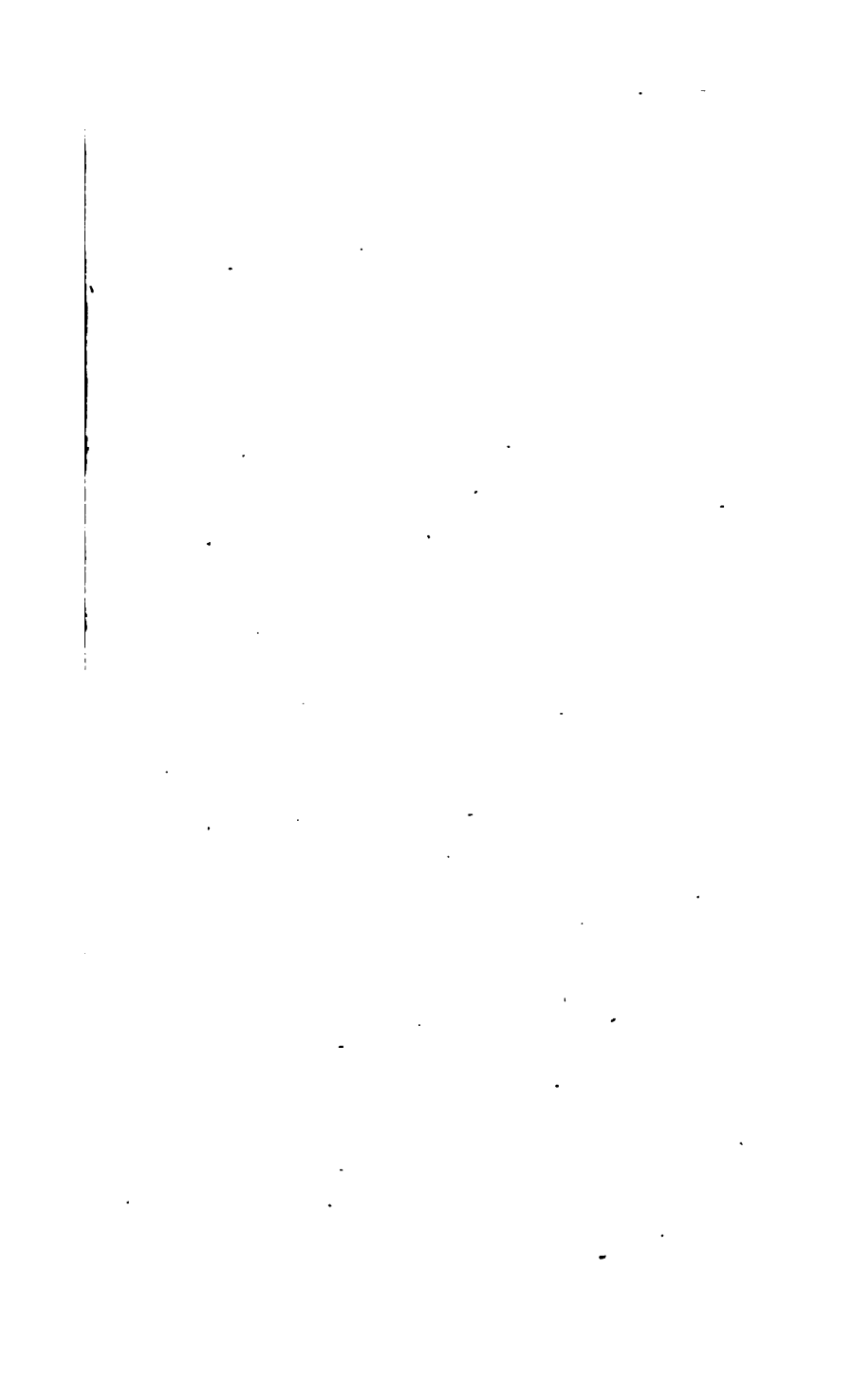
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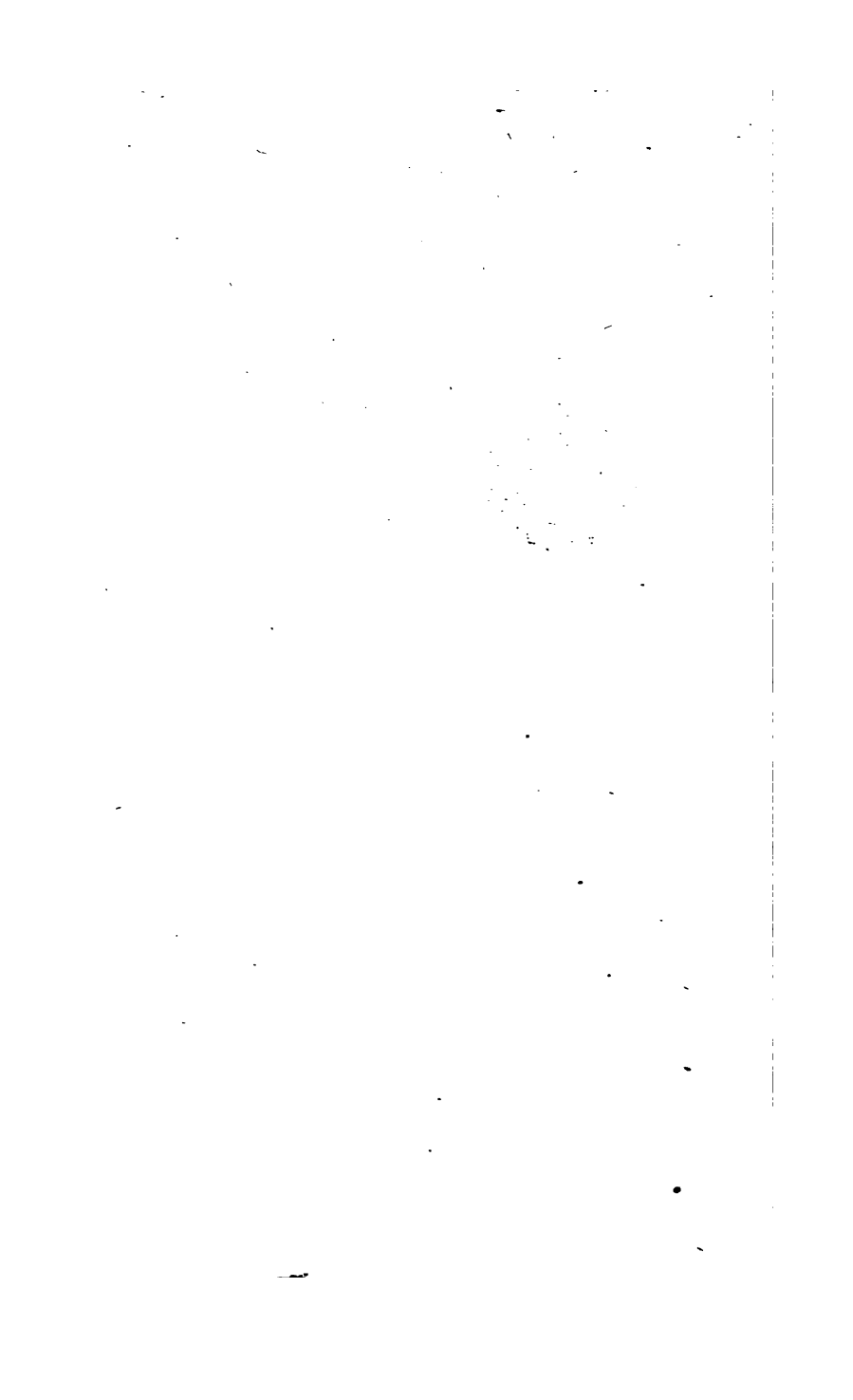
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DOUGLAS;

OR,

THE HIGHLANDER.



A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY ROBERT BISSET, L. L. D.

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, &c.

V O L. IV.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora,

Cederet, introrsum turpis.

HOR.

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi.

VIRG.

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DOUGLAS;

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OR,

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CHAP. I.

Sidney in his Distress applies to a Votary of the new Philosophy—Receives a very learned Lecture, but no Relief—Applies to several Reformers, whose Generosity ascends to their Mouths, but does not descend to their Pockets—Short Account of these Worthies—Applies to Mungo Macmurdoch, Money-Broker, near the two Parks—Parentage, Education, and Pursuits of the said Money-Broker—Terms of Annuity proposed by Mungo to young Heirs—His watchful Care of those who receive *private Lessons* from the RADICAL REFORMER—Sidney is relieved by our Hero.

AFTER the rest of the companions were departed, Sidney told Charles, with much indication of concern, that he was afraid it would be impossible for him to pay his debt contracted on account of the philo-

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sopher

sopher. Douglas told him how he stood, that it was absolutely necessary he must sell out the little legacy that had devolved on him from his grandfather.

Sidney, whose deviations from propriety had resulted from want of fixed principles, but not of benevolent impulses, was very much affected by a knowledge of the difficulty to which he saw his friend reduced, and exercised his invention to try if he could hit on some expedient. He himself had not five guineas in the world, and these were the remains of a small sum sent to him by an unknown hand. He determined once more to try what effect his penitence (in which he was, for the time, sincere,) would have on his uncle. He wrote a very penitential letter, but received no answer. He tried some of his late friends, the philosophers. Mr. Subtlewould had plenty of money, coming partly from the sale of his writings among Jacobins and visionaries, gamblers, highwaymen, and other equalizers of property. Sidney applied

plied to him, represented his difficulties, but could not convince the philosopher that, because another wanted what he had, that the person in need should take possession of the surplus. He thought it best for the good of the whole, that he should keep his money in his own pocket. He told Sidney that the highest possible excellence of the human character was energy.

"I rejoice, my young man, at what, in the vulgar language, you call difficulties, they will call forth your energies; peruse the works of the wisest men, and see the advantage of this great quality. What was it that enabled Caleb Williams to break prison?—Energy. What enabled him to find his way to a company of thieves and robbers?—Energy. What enabled these, his associates, to possess themselves of a surplus of property?—Energy. What even enabled the great Caleb to vanquish an old woman?—Energy. Mind not imprisonment, young man, it will stimulate your energies; it will, by conversation and intercourse with

the most energetic of men, the most resolute vindicators of the rights of nature against the destructive institutions of society, prepare you for a practical exertion of the doctrines of truth. The recitation of instances of energy, which you will hear in Newgate, will strongly impress on your mind what men dare do, that totally disregard the absurd rights of property. There you may hear most authentic and particular accounts of the promiscuous concubinage which it is so important an object of the new philosophy to inculcate. Ye hundreds of Drury, ye sweet abodes of Lewkenor's Lane, ye recesses of St. Giles's, I call on you to send forward, for the instruction of the world, the habitually, resolutely, practical votaries of the new Political Justice. To these great principles many of you have borne testimony, by the sacrifice of a nose; to these you have borne testimony, by the martyrdom of suffocation." After this beautiful and pathetic apostrophe, Mr. Subtlewould proceeded :—

ceeded:—"One mode, my young man, of equalizing property is, for the philosophers to get as much as possible into their own possession; and afterwards distribute it as may be best on the whole. In this object, a determined votary of Political Justice whom I visit every day, in order to *contemplate mind*, has been very successful. He is one, to speak in the old language of absurd institution, of that class of thieves known by the name of usurers; persons, the energy of whose minds is as successfully exercised in promoting Political Justice, as those who frequent Hounslow and Bagshot Heaths. Mr. Defraud has often advanced money on reversions to estates, (the absurdity of institution still obliges me to use the old language,) as you are heir to your uncle, he may probably be prevailed on to purchase the reversion of your inheritance. I should think by that means much good might accrue to the whole."

"You d——d scoundrel, returned Sidney, "would you take advantage of my ne-

cessities to compel me to part with my inheritance, by a bargain with that infamous miscreant."

So saying he flung away from the philosopher, and betook himself to a friend who was a strenuous supporter of reform, and an admiring votary of its leading promoters. A person who had been peculiarly zealous in forming and extending the Corresponding Societies, and who had professed the warmest friendship for Sidney, as the champion of liberty and equality, he found him engaged in demonstrating to the friends of the cause, that the present government was subversive of every generous feeling, and every virtuous principle. It was, he said, a tissue of corruption; corrupt in its objects, more corrupt in its measures, and most corrupt in the principles and conduct which it produced. All under it is selfishness; the meanest and most wicked sacrifice of all private and public goodness at the sordid shrine of interest. Who, he said, of the aristocrats will put himself
to

to inconvenience to assist his friends, to serve his country; where shall we find in the wickedness of existing institutions Py-lades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias; where a Cimon, employing his great wealth in donations to his poorer fellow-citizens; where a Leondias, encountering certain death to stem the progress of despotism? Such characters rise from republican virtue, and if any approximation in this unhappy country takes place, to the characters of ancient Greece and Rome, you may be sure it is to be found in those only who wish to reform aristocracy and extend democracy, that mother of virtue, of great and disinterested benevolence."

Sidney took the first opportunity of a pause in the discourse of this generous and exalted republican, to request a private conference. He explained to him his situation and its cause, in the admiration of the new philosophy. The benevolent reformist very gravely censured him, for his imprudence, in becoming security; and re-

with his family to ruin and beggary by the non-payment of a bill, acknowledged by the reformist to be just. He had almost gone to his desk to fetch Sidney the money thus withheld from the proprietor, and was repeating, "D——n Justice, I can't get her, for the soul of me, to keep pace with generosity," when a note arrived from a fair nymph, who regarded marriage as little as Mrs. Wollstonecroft, and was a great favourite of the gentleman, and gave the money a different destination. He next called on another reformist whom he had often heard praised for disinterested attachment to the party with which he had embarked. To this gentleman he had no occasion to apply as a suppliant, as, in fact, he had at different times accommodated him with sums that amounted to 50l. The debtor declared he had not a single farthing more than was absolutely necessary for himself, as he was engaged to go to Bath on a party of pleasure. Sidney not satisfied with this excuse rose to take leave, and, at parting, said, "He who,
to

to gratify his own love of pleasure, uses the money of another, that needs that money, WANTS REFORM."

Sidney had been unfortunately intimate with only the most dissipated, profuse, and needy men of that set; and was, therefore, hasty and unjust in his conclusion, that all who embrace the same principles were destitute either of benevolence or integrity.

Finding no assistance from his reforming friends, he endeavoured to recollect some of the means which he knew were often practised by those gentlemen to supply the pecuniary wants with which they were often pressed; the pressure of which led them, as it heretofore led the band associated under that illustrious reformer, Catiline, to wish and attempt a change in the state of public affairs, hoping the said change might produce a reform in their private affairs. He recollected that he had heard several young heirs, when distressed by the expences of their education at Brooks's, together with the private lessons of the Countess of Falsedice, and her just and ho-

nest associates, talk of annuities as on expedient for raising money. He, accordingly, called on one of these worthies, who directed him to the proprietor of a fine house near the two parks.

“ Good God !” said Sidney, “ does an usurer live in so fine a mansion ! I thought the man you mentioned had been a gentleman. I know the house very well ; it was just before it, the other day, you remember, we saw Old Quondam speaking to a milliner’s apprentice, in order that his gallantry might be taken notice of by the handsome young ladies whose coach was at a neighbouring door.”

“ The very same, said his acquaintance ; but that you may know how to manage him, I must tell you a little of his history and character. The latter, indeed, may be compressed into a very few words. He is merely a consummate rascal. But the mode in which he brings his frauds to bear deserves your attention, as you may depend upon it he will cheat you ; but as when a
young

young fellow is out of cash, and applies to money-lenders, he must be defrauded, it is doing him some good if the loss is made a little lighter than usual. But while I tell you his history, I shall send my servant to Jack Dashaway, to be ready with me to join you in the bond, as that d—— Scotchman, Macmurdoch, always must have three lives for security. I am in pretty deep with him; so is Jack Dashaway; and so was poor Sir Philip Spendall. Poor Phil, he drank himself to the grave, as you know, from joy at his coming to the estate and title by the death of his grandfather; and his brother, Bob, since nicked the usurer, and would not pay a farthing of Phil's debt. But to return to the point. You can supply Phil's place; and Dashaway, you, and I, can accommodate each other.—“But you promised me the history of Macmurdoch.”

“Oh, that you shall have; and an authentic history it shall be.—Mungo Macmurdoch is the son of what they call, in Scotland, a penny page writer, or hack attorney.

ney. He was well known about all the inferior courts by the honourable appellation of Scoundrel Macmurdoch.* This worthy scribe had met with a misfortune which compelled him to desist from his legal occupation. The misfortune was a failure in his memory, that obliged him, one day, in giving evidence, to declare that black was white, a mistake far from being unusual among the brothers of the quill; but the worst part of it was, that it was discovered; so *this poor scoundrel* was struck off the rolls. He now betook himself to an office well known in Scotland under the name of Cawdie, and brought up George, the eldest hope of his family, to the same honourable profession; where the youth discovered great skill, especially in

* There was actually a man in Edinburgh, twenty or thirty years ago, who had the term Scoundrel prefixed to his surname, probably by way of intimation, that among many others of the same profession, who might not be without a claim to the appellation, he was peculiarly distinguished.

that

that department wherein the laudable example of Mercury was so happily imitated. He sometimes, also, used to amuse himself with other offices of the God of Ingenuity; and was particularly dexterous at securing *Quicquid Jocosum placuit condere fusto*; in that species of enterprize for which the celebrated father Hilary, and brother Ambrose, acquired immortal honour through the recording pen of the biographer of Gil Blas. A stroke of *finesse* displayed in promoting a new speculation of young Macmurdoch, which, had it succeeded to his mind, would have enabled him to supply the market with mutton at a cheap rate, excited so much envy, that he found it convenient to betake himself to a different place. Resorting to London, he began the world as porter to Miller's Wharf, at Wapping. Resuming, as soon as he became acquainted with the town, his late profession, he insinuated himself into the acquaintance of an Alderman, through whom he procured a clerkship to an eminent

nent money-scrivener, and took an opportunity of serving young gentlemen in two capacities, by introducing them to his master, to supply them, on proper conditions, with money; and by introducing them to *ladies*, who, on proper conditions, were as ready to assist them in spending that money. A great part of the master's business consisting in agency for young heirs, Macmurdoch, who was very much in his confidence, thought it would be the wisest thing he could do, to gain over these customers and set up for himself. Here, however, a difficulty occurred, and this was the want of a stock of the ready, for he had left Edinburgh with thirty shillings, of which seven only remained when he got to the St. Andrew; and though, both scraping and penurious, he had hitherto amassed only about 50*l.*; no great sum to him who would advance the rino to young men of spirit. He, however, consulted with his friend, the Alderman, who advised him to go on and to try to get young men
to.

to borrow money on annuities, and that he (the Alderman) would, where there was good security, advance the cash, while Macmurdoch should take care that he himself was paid for brokerage; on finding how the land lay, Macmurdoch told the Alderman of several heirs and expectants, but the plan that he had hit upon was to take *three good lives*, and get three young heirs to join in a bond. *The following were the terms: Certain heirs to unincumbered estates were to receive six years property for annuities on THREE lives of young men of good constitutions.* Thus the advancer was to receive *seventeen per cent.* interest. Mr. Macmurdoch himself retained the use of two years interest in his hands, out of the principal, and charged one for agency, so that there remained one half of the principal to the borrower. Having thus a fund for punctual payment of the interest, and for using, to the best advantage, till that was due, and having rapidly increased his capital by the increasing

ing confidence of the monied supporters, and the repetition of usurious transactions, this fellow, in a few years, bought a considerable estate near Edinburgh, paying about half the purchase-money, and granting a mortgage for the other half, and endeavoured to cut *a dash*; but some of the gentlemen remembered him, and many discerned his want of knowledge, and his vulgar manners, so that he met with various mortifications. One day, in particular, being at a capital inn, and hearing there was, in the next apartment, an old officer of his own name, he sent his compliments, by the master, requesting the Major's company to supper. "TELL THE FELLOW," said the veteran, "I NEVER KEEP COMPANY WITH BLACKGUARDS." Finding Edinburgh not the place for *mush-room importance*, he soon left it; he returned to London, kept up his intimacy with the Director, contracted an intimacy with Black—, and went snacks in many of his money-lending bargains, especially
with

with Sir John Jockey and his set, has now realized a great fortune, and thus added to it by marrying a young lady, with twenty thousand pounds, who saw him at Margate, and fell in love with his large legs; he has bought a splendid house; the errand-boy and pimp, by becoming broker to usurers, is now a man of fashion and consequence, and actually, at the last election, had the impudence to stand candidate for a seat in parliament. There's the history of Mackmurdoch for you."

"Fashionable circles must," said Sidney, "be eminently distinguished for nicety of selection, when such a fellow becomes one of their members."

"He entertains sumptuously," replied the other; "gives magnificent routs and balls, and whoever does that, though a known pimp and swindler, will not want plenty of company of *bon ton*. I forgot to tell you that he and Black—were among the most noted sharpers at the time that Mr. Wedderburn's annuity bill rescued *minors*

nors from the clutches of *such thieves*. But thief and rascal as he is our extravagance obliges us to apply to him."

Dashaway being now come they all three walked to the westward and paid their respects to Mr. Macmurdoch. Guessing their business he began a melancholy oration on the scarcity of money. "The time was," said he, "when I could procure money on annuities at very moderate terms, but now the case is quite altered; a few years purchase is the utmost that I can prevail on any of my friends to advance on such security; but, Mr. Squander, who is this young gentleman?"

"An intimate friend of mine; heir to an old curmudgeon of an uncle that has a devilish fine estate. This is Mr. Sidney, the younger, of Sidney Grove, in the county of Berks. I dare say you have heard of his uncle, and the property."

"I have," said Macmurdoch—and, indeed, there he spoke the truth; for having observed that Sidney was frequently
in

in company not only with Dashaway and Squander, but with some of our most illustrious patriots, he had conceived it probable an application might be made to him, and had been at pains before-hand to learn the real grounds of his expectations. This was, indeed, his established rule whenever he saw a young man of expectancy intimate with the great champion of reform; particularly, if the youth in question made a practice of accompanying the reformer to Brookes's; and in three instances out of four he was right. From being the companion, in his private amusements and recreations, of that great foe to corruption, that ardent promoter of political regeneration, the stage to the houses of usurers was a very short and beaten road; so benevolent and beneficial was the patriotism which, by precept and example, impelled young men to incur difficulties, and encounter evils, in order to strengthen and invigorate their minds; to prove to them, from their own experience, if they would
escape

escape ruin, the necessity of a radical reform. Having, from the time he saw him first, arm-in-arm with the satellites of this luminary, had the precaution to make enquiries concerning Sidney's inheritance; he had found that the reversion of the estate was much more securely his than his uncle gave out, and that nothing could prevent him from the succession but the uncle's own marriage and having issue, both very unlikely; he did not think the risk was very great, should, as he apprehended, an advance be wanting by this young disciple of the great apostle: But the business, of course, was to raise difficulties, in order to enhance the terms. In answer to Squander's last remark he observed, that he knew Sidney Grove very well, but apprehended the heir to it depended entirely on the will of the present proprietor.

Squander assured him he was mistaken, opened the business, offering to join in any security that might be required; a proposition

sition which Dashaway immediately seconded. Mr. Macmurdoch, with great goodness, lamented the difficulties young men involved themselves in by their extravagance. "Often, Mr. Dashaway, and Mr. Squander, have I advised you to confine your expences within the limits of your father's allowance; but my admonitions were vain, although, in order to make them effectual, I have often extricated you from your distresses, as I protest to heaven, with my own loss. Now, instead of following my recommendation, you have not only persisted in profusion yourselves, but, I am afraid, drawn in this fine young gentleman to the same indiscretions and embarrassments. I should be extremely happy to give you assistance but it really is not in my own power. I have no money of my own; I am overdrawn at my banker's by my good-nature in too liberally assisting my fellow-creatures when unhappy. I, myself, would have no objection to accommodate this young gentleman if it rested with me; but

but what must I do; I can only apply to another person, who is excessively rigid as to security, and will, I know, object to the uncertainty of Mr. Sidney's succession."

"Your friend," said Dashaway, "*is a d——d unconscionable dog, but you cannot help DAT.*"

"Mr. Dashaway, jests are out of season when men are upon business; then we should be serious."

"By G— I am serious."

"But to Mr. Sidney's affair," replied Macmurdoch, "I know the utmost, that in his case, and the present value of money can be raised, will be only four years purchase; the one half in hand, the other to be retained as a security for the payment of the first two year's interest. How much may the sum be that you want?"

"Why, as we are all to join in the security," replied Squander, "Mr. Sidney wants about 200l. to pay off some d——d creditors,

creditors, and I think he had better have another hundred in his pocket; I propose that we should touch 900l. among us, so you will make up your terms; or, for the sake of an even sum, let it be 1000l."

"The conditions I must propose, I beg you, as a friend, not to accept, although I know they are more reasonable than you could have any where else. Sorry I am when young men involve themselves so."

"None of you queer prosing, old boy, but to the business."

"Why then, as nearly as I can now ascertain, you must grant an annuity of 600l. a-year, for which you are to be bound, jointly and severally. The purchase of that will be 2,400l. one half of which is to be retained in the principal's hands to pay the first two years, so that you will have nothing to pay 'till two years and a quarter."

"By G—," said Dashaway, "that is very reasonable and convenient, for I'll lay 100l. to 50l. that my old grandfather

will have given up the ghost before that time."

"Done," said Squander, "I take the odds. But Mac. what becomes of the other two hundred, my boy?"

"Good God, Mr. Squander, how can you ask so simple a question! You know the expence of the deeds are always ten per cent. and here you get off for about nine. There is one thing, however, I must say, my friend will be obliged to sell out at a disadvantage; you must make up the difference."

"Well," said Mr. Squander, "all that is fair, so make out the bond for 3,000*l.* and let us have our four hundred a piece; then the annuity is 750*l.*; Jack Dashaway then will redeem it as soon as granddad goes off; or Sidney or I, according as his uncle or my father win the race."

Macmurdoch, saying he must see his friend first, desired them to call again in two days, and, by that time, he should endeavour to be prepared to assist them."

They

They then took their leave, making an appointment for Wednesday morning. They parted in the street, Dashaway declaring he must go to Tattersall's to chuse a pair of horses for a curricie, as he had promised Jenny Scamper an excursion to Brighton as soon as he had touched the *Spanish*; while Squander said he must go another way to bespeak Harry Hardfist to be ready to accompany him to the York races; "for, as Harry is not known in Yorkshire, I expect to take in some of the sporting 'Squires there."

Sidney, being now left to himself, reflected on the very extravagant terms that Macmurdoch wanted; and, from his history, but still more from his conduct at the interview, made no doubt that he was a consummate rascal; he, therefore, determined to steer clear of such a miscreant, and to undergo any inconvenience, even temporary confinement, rather than to get into this usurer's clutches.

It now wanted but four days to the term

of the bill being payable. As a last resource he went to the holder, and was beginning to intreat a farther prolongation of the time, when the man told him his application was too late.

“ Oh! I know what you mean; you have paid it away, and cannot, on so short a notice, conveniently take it up.”

“ No, Sir, that is not what I mean. The bill was paid yesterday, and the debt cancelled.”

“ By whom;” said the other with surprize.
“ Did my friend Douglas settle it?”

“ It was not Mr. Douglas, Sir, that came here, but some person I never saw before. The real state of the case was this: Douglas saw that it was absolutely necessary for him to use the greater part of his legacy for the support of the family; and having, after settling all his mother’s bills, enough remaining to pay the debts for which he had become responsible, he had done it immediately; resolving, thenceforward, to employ the powers which heaven had bestowed

stowed on him, and the knowledge his education had enabled him to attain in literary occupations, for an addition to his mother's income, until the approaching season of remittance should arrive, as he now despaired of the one that had been sent the preceding year; he accordingly consulted with Wilson on the commencement of a literary career. Wilson introduced him to a bookseller, who proposed to him to begin with reviewing for a monthly publication.

CHAP. II.

Our Hero betakes himself to Literary Employment ; its Nature, Progress, and Success—Family Retrenchments—Enquiries and Conjectures of Blast, Timmy Tattle, and the circulating Ladies, into their Cause—Interview between our Hero and Heroine—His Vows of Constancy—Meeting with a Lady of Fashion and Quality—Her Remarks on the Piccadilly Peripatetic—Accompanies the Lady to visit a Friend.

DOUGLAS had often investigated the merits of books for his own private amusement, information, and instruction; now it became his duty to discuss them for profit. In his first essays he bestowed a much more minute attention on his subject than practised reviewers often think necessary. He wrote and re-wrote his criticisms; considered and re-considered his arguments; polished and re-polished his language. On shewing to Wilson his analysis and estimate of the work before him,
both

both as a literary, political, moral, and philosophical production, his friend told him that it was a very masterly criticism had it been intended for a separate answer to the writer (Godwin), but that it was more minute and laboured than the comparative importance of that metaphysical jargon, the Political Justice, deserved in a performance that was obliged to examine so many works of merit and consequence.

Douglas replied, that he thought that the importance of works ought not to be rated by their literary excellence, for that many productions, of no great intellectual force, were very beneficial, and others very hurtful, to society. "It is," I think, "the business of a reviewer to shew the good of the former, and expose the evil of the latter, according to the probability of their extensive operation."—"No critic," said Douglas, "who knew history, politicks, philosophy and logick, could avoid, unless warped by particular prejudice, perceiving the speculative absurdity, and literary insignifi-

cance of Paine's Rights of Man. But it was not his business, on that account, to pass them over slightly. Its practical mischief renders it a proper subject of long, minute, and detailed exposure. The same may be said of Paine's Age of Reason, which, though a common place farrago of all the inferior sophistry and impious ribaldry that has been hacknied by second-hand deists, in all ages, is calculated to impress ignorant and undistinguishing minds, and, therefore, contemptible as it is to every sound reasoner, requires a circumstantial confutation. The same may be said of his Age of Finance. I think that lower publications than the Political Justice, the partial representations and wild ravings of Holcroft, the splenetic disaffection of Charlotte Smith, and, to descend much lower, the namby pamby democracy of that lady, who says that Voltaire and Rousseau are the lights of a world before in darkness, deserve and require a marked particularity of censure."

Wilson.

Wilson agreed in Douglas's general opinion, that nonsense was far from being an antidote against the poison of Jacobinical doctrines, but still advised him not to be so particular. Content yourself with shewing the leading doctrines, sentiments, and arguments, their scope and tendency, which you will find equally useful for the purposes of either recommendation or discouragement; more extensively beneficial by comprising a much greater number of works, and more profitable to yourself, by enabling you to execute a much greater quantity.

Charles found that reviewing required not only ability, learning, and habits of composition, but dexterity; an attainment, in all arts and pursuits, in a great degree the result of practice. Stimulated by the best of motives he was very industrious; and though his gains at first were far from being proportioned to the value of his works, yet he had the pleasure to find them progressively improving, by the increased faci-

lity of his performance. He saw that he could make a considerable addition to the means of his mother's and sister's livelihood. Another very powerful motive to literary exertion he had in his love for Isabella. He had, for some time, begun to apprehend that his father's acquisitions in India were not likely to be considerable; and thinking the issue of the dispute, about to take place concerning his uncle's fortune, very uncertain, success in the legal profession distant, and even ultimately, by no means inseparably, attached to ability and learning, he, therefore, determined to prosecute his literary labours, and was not without the expectation of making himself, through them, independent. He knew the sole objection of his mother to his union with his lovely Isabella was the fortune of both; and made no doubt that the liberal and able mind of his father would overlook other disadvantages when acquainted with the merit of the young lady. To procure a sufficiency for himself and those dear to him;

him; to compensate disappointed expectations; to prepare for the gratification of his ardent passion, did Douglas write. Letters again arrived from the General, intimating that 700*l.* had been sent by him, from Tilicherry to Madras, to the same agent who had forwarded the last year's. The money did not come. Douglas began to suspect unfairness in the Madras agent. Meanwhile his vigorous application, together with the more rigid œconomy of his mother in household affairs, enabled them to go on without contracting any more debts. One footman was discharged, and the family abstained from all parties of expence. These retrenchments did not escape the observation of their worthy and scrutinizing neighbours, and afforded subjects for various speculations to Mrs. Priabout and Mrs. Chatter at church, and at the pastrycook's, and to Mr. Blast and Mr. Timmy Fattle at the coffee-house. The indefatigable industry of Timmy was evening and morning employed in examining

the cause. He carefully consulted the tradesmen as to the consumption and payments of the Douglas family. Found the last to be good, but the first decreased. He could not, with all his perseverance, dive to the bottom of their private affairs. He drew upon his invention, which was always a willing auxiliary to his information. He confidently asserted, at the coffee-house, that General Douglas had out-run the constable in India; drawn for all his money in England; had not left a farthing in the stocks; and that the family, whatever face they put on it now, would soon be in great distress. Blast confirmed this account, and declared he had heard the same from a gentleman just returned from St. Domingo.

“Why,” said a gentleman present, who frequently attended the coffee-house, an acute, intelligent man, who *thoroughly* knew both Blast and Timmy, “the people of St. Domingo must be wonderfully well-informed, as to private history, when they

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know

know so soon the state of a gentleman's pecuniary concerns at Bombay. I think they must have as great a turn for that kind of scrutiny as some in our own neighbourhood."

"I protest to God, Mr. Pupil, you are right. This is a most shameful place for meddling with other people's affairs."

Tattle having gone out to drop the news, which he had just framed, at two or three houses, Blast said, "I protest to God I never *know'd*, in my life, such a man as that Tattle; he abuses every one; he is a common nuisance."

Although Pupil could not, in conscience, controvert this opinion of Blast, yet, not chusing to enter into any discussion with him, he took up a news-paper.

Blast having continued speaking, and perceiving no attention bestowed on him, walked out.

Tattle returning, enquired where that idle, gossiping fellow was, and was proceeding to his usual strictures when Mr. Pupil,

Pupil, and some others, commencing a sensible conversation Timmy was obliged to be silent, not being able to join in any thing of the kind from a want of materials; and was so unfortunate as hardly to be able to edge in a single sentence, either about the transactions of the neighbours, his own business, or the Lords and *Baron-nights* that had bowed to him in the Park, or paid compliments to *his* horse.

Douglas and the family went on in their own way, indifferent, and, indeed, ignorant, concerning the trouble their neighbours were taking on their account.

Charles one day meeting Isabella at the house of an acquaintance could not deny himself the happiness of accompanying her home. Their road lay across Hyde Park. Douglas having an opportunity of expressing his real sentiments could not forbear using it. After many protestations of unalterable love, which came much more strongly from his eyes than his tongue, he opened his whole heart to her. He had prevailed

vailed on her to walk towards the gardens, and they were insensibly more than two hours together, seated on the grass, near the north-bank of the Serpentine. The ardour, and still more the tenderness, that softened the dignified aspect of Douglas, that mellowed his manly voice; her high opinion of his worth, and confidence in his honour, operated so powerfully on the heart of Isabella that she could not conceal from him that he was complete master of her affections. In the transports of his gratitude he caressed her with an eagerness that he had never ventured at before. Her charms, her tender avowal, every thing conspired to raise the passion of her lover to the greatest pitch; imprinting an enraptured kiss on her lips, while she endeavoured, in vain, to assume coldness, he earnestly intreated her to consent to a private marriage immediately.—“ I cannot, my dear Isabella, live without you. I shall communicate my intention, this very evening, to your brother.”

“ No,”

“ No,” said she softly, but yet firmly, “ my dear Mr. Douglas, I never will marry you whilst it must hurt your interest, and offend those whom it is your first duty to regard.”

Charles endeavoured, partly by arguments, and still more by appeal to her affection, to make her alter her resolution, but she resolutely, though sweetly, requested him to desist from his solicitation, as from her love to him, and from that only, she would not comply ; and added, that she would consider it as a mark of an indifferent opinion of the steadiness of her affection, and principles of duty, if he repeated his request ; she could not avoid adding, in a voice sinking to a whisper, *at least, for the present.* It was almost evening before they observed how much time had passed. Conducting her homewards he left her near the gate, having watched, at a distance, till he saw her safely admitted.

Charles had perceived a coach driving at a slow pace along Park Lane and the Paddington.

dington road ; soon after he began to walk back he saw the same coach turn. Being at one time very near it, a lady, who was looking from the window dropt her glove. Charles, out of common gallantry, took it up and presented it to her. She ordered the coach to stop ; said she was much obliged to him for his politeness ; but, indeed, added she, from the elegance of your appearance, I should be extremely surprized if you were deficient in good breeding and attention to the ladies. I have been taking an evening airing, and am going home to the Square, here, where, Sir, I shall be very happy to have the pleasure of thanking you for taking up my glove, said she, with a sweet smile.

Douglas, though, as we have seen, no Joseph, was very far from being a man of dissipation. While he had pressed the lovely lips of Isabella, he had made a vow to himself that he should never press those of any other woman, a vow we make no doubt he religiously intended to keep ;
he,

he, therefore, resisted the overtures of this lady.

“ Well, Sir,” said she, “ since you will not favour me with your company, suffer me to have the pleasure of setting you down.” Meanwhile the coachman and footman, who knew the usual issue of *such rencontres*, winked at each other. Douglas, who had heard from Sidney, and other young men, of such adventures (indeed, from some of the youths, of many more than were true) in a great measure, from his spirit of curiosity, accepted the lady’s offer; the coach accordingly drove down Park Lane. The lady had a comely and sweet face, with an expression of that species of attraction that may not improperly be called alluring, as far as he could judge in the carriage. She appeared well formed, and of a voluptuous *embon point*. Charles proposed coming out at the corner of Lord Cholmondely’s house, when the lady recollecting that she wished to leave a card, that evening,

evening, on the Kensington road, requested his company and protection. As they proceeded to the turnpike, the lady happening to observe the *peripatetic of the place* in conversation with a girl, and, at the same time looking about in hopes that there were spectators, made him the subject of her talk. "I think," says she, "there can be nothing more completely ridiculous, and contemptible, than such old fellows pretending to the gay gallantries of young men." (This observation Douglas could not help admitting to be just whatever he thought of its delicacy.) "I do not," said she, "believe that if the old fellow had seen that girl alone, where there was no chance of being beheld, he would have taken the trouble to have spoken to her." They arrived at the place of their destination. The lady of the house was at home, contrary, as she said, to her visitant's expectation. The visitant, however, begged our hero to accompany her for a few minutes. They were received
by

by the lady of the house in a very neat drawing-room, and, after some conversation, the hostess requested they would take coffee. This her friend accepted. A gay and fashionable conversation ensued, of which elopements, separations, divorces, and similar subjects, were the principal theme. A little after our hero's new acquaintance asked the lady of the house to favour them with a tune on the harp, which was accorded and executed in a very impressive style. The song was, "Oh had my love ne'er smiled on me;"—her friend's countenance being in unison with the tender tones and sentiments of that fine air. Not long after they departed. The coach drove very slowly, as it was, it seems, the lady's orders when with a male companion, probably because under his care she apprehended no danger of robbers, and consequently no necessity for haste. Our hero, though far from being unmoved by the attention and advances of so desirable an object, behaved with more respect to her

Ladyship

Ladyship than perhaps she expected. His reserve, however, she imputed to an exalted idea of her, and she could not but be pleased with the supposed cause whatever she might be with the effect. Be that as it will, she thought Douglas an acquaintance worth cultivating, and, having learned his address, suffered him to take leave for the evening.

CHAP. III.

Our Hero receives a Visit from Mr. Dip—A Masquerade Ticket from Lady Mary Manhunt—Characters at the Masquerade—An Ovid who knew no Latin—A fat Don Quixote, and a graceful Sancho, knew nothing of Camacho's Wedding—Mrs. Advance and Jemmy Cackagee—Lord Sneak—Mrs. Dupecull—The Heir and George Dunderhead—Excellent Personification of Dr. Vampus—Our Hero and Lady Mary Manhunt—History of that Lady.

MEANWHILE Mr. Manage remained at Lisbon. His letters did not convey any farther accounts of the death of Mr. Alexander Douglas. He, indeed, wrote that he had learnt the particulars, but deferred communications on the subject till his return. A day or two after Charles's rencounter with the lady, when he was at breakfast, being informed that a person wanted to see him, he went down stairs, not without an expectation that it might be a message from the fair one, but, to his great surprize, found that it was 'Squire Dip.

Dip. Wondering what had procured him this visit he was quickly informed—

“I come,” said he, “without my spouse knowing nothing of the matter, to ax you a question or two about the rich Nabob as was your uncle.”

“Well, Sir.”

“You see, Sir, my only boy, young Squire Theodore, with whom you had the rumpus, married Mrs. Douglas, as is your relation, on account of her *fortin* that she has by your uncle’s will and her father’s estate. Now we longs for the money, as Theodore lives at a gay rate, and my own spouse is becoming very expensive now that she is stricken in years. I thought as how you might have heard something about them matters; though I must say, if your uncle had done the genteel thing he would have left you more than the two hundred that is in his will.”

“It is impossible for me to give you any satisfaction, as I am totally ignorant of the business you mention.”

“I can get no answer from Mr. Manage
tho’

tho' I have written to him, to Lisbon, eight times, and told him that we wanted the legacy to be paid forthwith, for Theodore is taking, very much, to *gaming and extravagums*. I don't think as how Swearwell is the best of companions for him; although I dare not say so to my wife, as she always speaks up for the lawyer, and I must not say against whatever she says. We were going down to Scotland, and them places, to see Mr. Rhodomontade's estate, but Mr. Swearwell got a letter, when we were at Manchester, that Mr. Manage was coming to town; but when we returned we found it was all a hum."

The truth of the matter was that Swearwell having persuaded Mrs. Dip to go towards Scotland, they had travelled as far north as Lancaster, but the honest Lawyer, not chusing to have the authenticity of his narratives, respecting the Rhodomontade estate accurately sifted, had written a letter, as if from Mr. Manage to himself, requesting his presence in London, where the letter said he would be in a fortnight. Mr. Dip had

had found out that Swearwell's drafts had been taken from the banker's, and was not without suspicion of the Lawyer: that person was now extremely intimate with Mrs. Dip, and remained no less so with her good daughter-in-law. The elder lady had been very liberal in supplying Swearwell with an article, he very often wanted, money. Theodore also very frequently drew on his father, so that 'Squire Dip had been obliged, instead of buying in, as usual, to sell out above a thousand pounds. This arrangement by no means pleased him. His wife and son represented to him that it was only an advance for a time, as all would be settled when the legacy was paid. Dip proposed that the will should be registered. This proposition, however, Swearwell, without directly opposing, by various artifices, eluded. He determined to try Mr. Manage once more before he should so far commit himself as to endanger his neck.

Mr. Dip had hardly left our hero when

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a note

Ovid is now, like his own Daphne, changed into a head of wood."

"Not laurel," replied the other.

"More probably, indeed," said our Highlander, "the dulness and fatness of fir."

"I understood," replied the other, "that in your country, Mr. Highlander, fir was used for the purpose of giving light; I am afraid, therefore, the resemblance will not hold in all points."

"Whatever," said our hero, "the wood may be, it incloses some ponderous metal

Est obtusum et habet sub arundine plumbum.

Our Highlander next encountered a watchman, who, in some respects, acted his part very well, for he suffered rioters in the street to escape when they paid him money; but in others he did not; for when thieves were breaking into a house, close by his box, he sprung his rattle, instead of being, as his part required, fast asleep. Douglas now came up to a very stout jolly figure, arrayed

arrayed in armour, who assumed the character of Don Quixote, while Sancho's representative made his appearance in the form of a graceful, elegant youth; one who might have recovered Altisidora without the operation of sticking pins in his flesh. Don Quixote appeared to be one who, at a boxing match, would have vanquished the Knight of the White Moon.

"Pray," said our hero, "Mr. Sancho, where is the peerless princess; are the hexomancers still pursuing her? How goes the disenchantment? Can you favour me with a little of boiled goose?"

"Boiled goose!" said the other, "geese should be roasted."

"Suffer me to conduct you to the fire then; but pray, good Mr. Sancho, had you no boiled geese at rich Camacho's wedding?"

"I know nothing of the matter," said Sancho.

"Pray, then, can you ascertain whether

you are under the line or not?"—The Don, here, will repeat the experiment.

"Under the line," said the Don, "how the devil should we be under the line when we are in England."

"Wise and valorous Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, (here the Don's mask dropping discovered the round, chubby, and ruddy face of a Common Councilman) will you favour us with a repetition of your very able discourse on the comparative abilities of the military and literary character?"

"I wish I had a draught of porter," replied the Don.

"I think," said the new acquaintance of Douglas, "both the Knight and his 'Squire would best perform the *braying exercise* of the great Sancho."

"Why," said our hero, "I do believe that if either had, instead of the Knight and 'Squire, attempted to personate Sancho's Dapple, the imitation would have been

been very like to life; though here comes one equally fit for representing a jack-ass."

"Sancho, have you the Don's bills for the three asses?"

Sancho, not knowing what to say, answered, "Yes."

"Then I shall act as the niece," said our Highlander; "here are the three; this is my Lord Sammy Sneak; here is the young colt, my Lord's son; and thirdly, George Dunderhead, *messenger* to the father, and tutor to the son."

"How," said Douglas's acquaintance, "do you prove these three to be asses?"

"Only hear them; and you, who I perceive are no ass, will be immediately convinced."

Quixote Sancho, with his three asses, having marched off, the stranger, in his own voice, which Charles instantly knew to be Wilson's, said, "Douglas, who is that?"

"My Lord Sneak."

"What! the stupid fellow that I have

heard you speak of, that keeps a mistress for shew, and superintends his own but-tery?"

"Yes, the same; the lady with him is Mrs. Dupecull. His son is not, naturally, such a blockhead as the father; but Sneak, being eagerly desirous that the boy should not be unworthy of his father, keeps him generally with himself, or with George Dunderhead, who is no less qualified than my Lord for breeding up a booby. That the youth's morals may keep pace with his understanding, he has let him into the knowledge of his connection with Mrs. Dupecull, a knowledge this wise and good father has also taken special care should extend to all his acquaintances. Perhaps, he may, by these communications, propose to atone to his children for lavishing the property, that was their amiable and lovely mother's, and ought to have been theirs, on a profligate courtesan."

House-maids, flower-girls, ballad-singers, in abundance, made their appearance. A
large

large bouncing woman, having entered the music apartment, proposed to the Highlander to dance a Scotch reel, which, he agreeing to, she performed, notwithstanding her size, with great agility. Having conducted her to a seat, she entered into conversation, in the course of which she observed that the room was exceedingly hot, but that they would be cooler in one of the upper boxes, and, rising, proposed going thither. As they were leaving the room one came up to them as a Lawland Scotch Lassie; "Ah, my dear Highland Ladie, you'll row me in beneath your plaidie."

Douglas, immediately conceiving this to be the donor of his dress, without much ceremony quitted his fat partner for one of a much more elegant and engaging figure. Returning to the great room, he entered into discourse with her, and she readily acknowledged herself to be Lady Mary Manhunt, as he had suspected. Charles, as a man of gallantry, having ex-

pressed his adoration for her charms and accomplishments, he begged her to come to a more retired place, where he might have the pleasure of seeing her lovely countenance unmasked. The lady, at length, complied with his solicitation. They betook themselves to a private box, when Charles, without any fear of interruption, expressed the violence of his passion; she acknowledged the affection to be mutual. Having entertained themselves for near an hour, tête-à-tête, they again descended to the great room. There the company was enjoying a mask that had a little before appeared in the room in the character of a Schoolmaster. A large broad-brimmed hat almost covered a huge wig, of which the ample curls descended to his shoulders. He carried a birch rod in his right hand, while his left held a large copy of the Delphin Horace, coming up to our hero, and, opening the book, called out,

“Nec metuo, &c. vir rure recurat.”

Douglas

Douglas asked him,

"Quis novus hic nostris successerit ædibus hospes."

"Shall I answer you as a scholar, or as a master of an academy, and no scholar?"

"As a master of an academy," replied Charles.

"Charles; I am thy master's spirit—the spirit; nay, the bodily representative of the great Dr. Vampus."

Charles, who now found that this was no other than Wilson, who had changed his dress to personate a character, said, "Doctor, proceed to exhibit, for the instruction of the company, a specimen of your præceptorial talents."

The schoolmaster having fetched an important strut, along the room, in an authoritative tone enjoined silence. "I profess to teach all the arts and sciences."

"Have you learned them," said Charles?

"What an ignoramus you are; do you know so little of schoolmasters as to imagine that we do not profess to teach what

we have never learned? I in my great wig; I in my title of Doctor; I as master of an academy; claim a prescriptive right to exercise the trade of teaching, without the apprenticeship of learning."

"How do you establish your right?" said Douglas.

"By the custom of the profession. A custom which, if you knew our fraternity, you would immediately perceive to obtain among the majority. What entitles brother Hubblebubble to teach Plato? Did he ever learn Plato, do you think? He knows no more of Greek than I do; and when he speaks of Homer and Xenophon, knows no more of what he says, than when he is speaking blasphemy or treason, or trying to give an account of the club speeches at the Crown and Anchor. But I am looking for an usher; if you chuse to attend me you shall hear the examination.

A mask or two, entering into the frolick, declared themselves candidates for the office.

fice: Dr. Vampus enquired their qualifications; but, before they could answer, went on himself. My school is none of your ordinary seminaries. I teach all the arts and sciences; Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Metaphysics, Analytics, Synthetics, Arithmetic, and all other ancient and modern languages, and English spelling. If you are acquainted with all these you may do for me. But I should prefer this Scotchman, if it were not for one thing—Are you fond of English beef?”

“ Yes.”

“ Do you eat a great deal at once?”

“ Yes.”

“ Ah, you Scotch ushers, when you get into an English academy, are as ravenous as your Highland cows when they come to the pastures of Lincolnshire. Have you studied divinity, Mr. Highlander?”

“ Yes.”

“ Have you left your country for a girl?”

“ Yes.”

“ Th

“ There it is ; almost all the teachers we have, in any of our academies, that have REALLY learning, are Scotchmen, and of those the majority have left their country as broken divines. But I must, for the present, defer farther examination, for I see persons coming to enquire about my school, so now for my humble bows.” Thus having said, he addressed some new comers in a strain of the most servile adoration, and as became a master of an academy, while he extolled his patrons, did not forget to puff himself.

The company now adjourned to the supper rooms. Wine co-operating with the mirth of the evening, the various parties became extremely noisy. Mrs. Dupe-cull took an opportunity of slipping a note into Douglas's hand, not without observation from Lady Mary; though without remark. The fat partner, our hero had danced with, also made overtures for a renewal of acquaintance; but, as Douglas had near him metal more attractive, her advances

advances were unavailing. She had, indeed, been consoled for her disappointment before by the gallantry of her worthy friend and favourite, Mr. Cackagee; but he, having drank too much wine, had been obliged to retire. The schoolmaster having now joined them, they, in a few minutes, had the addition, at their part of the table, of Mrs. Dupecull, her keeper, his son, and preceptor. The professed Dr. Vampus, having made pretty free with his bottle, sometimes forgot his assumed character, and gave way to the poignant sarcasm, and satirical force, of his real. "My Lord Sneak," says he, "permit me to extend my instructions to old as well as young novices." My Lord making no answer, "This is your son, I understand, that you have brought to a masquerade in this good company. You mean, I suppose, to follow Solomon's advice; 'Train up a child in the way he shall go,' &c. What expectations may we form of this young Sneak, with you for his model, and Dunderhead for

will repel the *titan* of French revolution. You see I know something of Greek accidence; a proficiency not many masters of academies have attained in a language which they profess to teach;" so saying he walked off.

When he was out of hearing, Lord Sneak expressed, very vehemently, his anger at what he called the fellow's insolence. "Don't you think, Mr. Highlander, he was so?"

"I confess," replied Charles, "the Schoolmaster dipped his rod in pickle. Whether insolent or not, he was extremely severe."

"By God I will go and chastize him," said the Peer.

"Pooh," said Mrs. Dupecull, "don't disturb us with your vain boasting." His Lordship, being under the most absolute command of the lady, desisted.

Some readers may think it improbable that a man, who tyrannized over an amiable wife, should be the slave of a profligate mistress. Those, however, who are well acquainted

acquainted with the world, will readily acknowledge that there are many instances of such conduct besides this Lord.

My Lord whispered, to the Highlander, that though he did not wish to mention it loud, for fear of alarming the ladies, he was resolved to chastise the Schoolmaster. Walking with Charles, at some distance from where they had sat, he talked more loudly of his intentions. "By God," said he, "I'll cane that Schoolmaster whenever I meet him."

Wilson had returned, and was close by my Lord when he uttered his brave resolves. Presenting himself, he called out, "*adsum qui feci*; here I am, let me pacify the wrath of the illustrious Sneak. I confess I trod upon the sore heel. I ought not to have reflected on your wisdom; I have not the least doubt that your courage is precisely equal to your understanding, and fear your cane accordingly."

Lady Mary now proposed, to our hero, to depart.

Mrs. Dupe.

Mrs. Dupecull was chagrined at the deprivation of his company, but, soon after, recollecting the footman, her mind became easy and tranquil. George Dunderhead was ordered to call the other servants. The family of love went home to an elegant house, near Oxford Road.

Meanwhile, Douglas attended Lady Mary to her house, and being pressed, by her Ladyship, to stop, they continued together, from five to nine, recapitulating the transactions of the masquerade.

Our hero left his lady, but not before they had arranged the time for another visit. Lady Mary's mind having been so much impressed, by some parts of the conversation, that she wished for an early opportunity of re-considering the subject.

On returning home to her Ladyship's house our hero found a note from his friend Wilson, requesting his company to breakfast the next morning, to meet a female novel-writer, who was to call on him about
that

that time to ask his opinion concerning a work she was about to publish ; and that, for more reasons than one, he wished Charles to be present. Douglas, accordingly, betook himself to his friend's lodgings at the time appointed.

Wilson was about to explain to him the character of the author, and the probable merit of the work, when Mrs. Brainsick was announced ; a lady, apparently, turned of forty, with a very thin face, long sharp nose, and glaring eyes, entered, and, having courtesied, first to Mr. Wilson, and then to our hero, said, " Gentlemen, I hope you will not construe my visit, to a bachelor, into anything indecorous."

Being acquitted by them of any such intention, she suffered herself to be handed to a seat.

Wilson told her that his friend, Mr. Douglas, was a gentleman of great critical abilities, and he was convinced would justly appreciate the merit of her work. From this character of our hero the lady anticipated

pated his very high approbation. Before she produced her novel, she thought it incumbent on her to give some account of her reasons for *setting up* (as she expressed herself) *in the literary line*.

"It always was (said she) a maxim with me, that people of genius are not bound by the same rules of conduct as the million."

"That," said Mr. Wilson, "is a doctrine in favour of which you can plead both the theory and practice of not a few literary ladies as an authority." Considering the reference to such a sanction as an admission of the justness of her principle, she proceeded to a sketch of her history.

"I married young, and lived, for some years, very happily with the husband of my choice; and having a good deal of leisure time employed it in reading sentimental books, and inventing plans for fancy dresses, having been bred a milliner. In the course of my reading, I found that the highest possible virtue was sensibility; and that, providing

providing a woman had a feeling heart, some little errors were excuseable. This doctrine I often tried to teach my husband; but he, though a good man, in many respects, had stupid prejudices, so that our feelings did not continue altogether in unison, consequently my obligations to love and honour him, as Mrs. Wollstonecroft so clearly proves, did not continue the same. A sweet sentimental gentleman coming to live in the neighbourhood we often conversed on the subjects of my reading. I found our hearts in perfect harmony; why tire you with particulars? The consequences Mr. Wilson knows, from the absurdity of our laws, were damages, so high as greatly to distress my poor lover; and I, for a mere error, arising from *too great sensibility of heart*, have been, ever since, confined to a small annuity. At my first separation I was in doubt whether I should resume my former trade of milliner or become an author? Consulting with a friend, I was advised to betake myself to novel writing,

in

in which my experience, as a milliner, would be of great use to me in my *descriptions*; reminding me that a great part of modern novels consisted of accounts of caps and ball dresses; and, indeed, gentlemen, did their father allow me the direction of my daughters, as I should wish to breed them novel-writers, like myself, a previous step I would take, would be to bind them apprentices to milliners."

"You are perfectly right, Madam," said Wilson.

"I have, besides," said she, "attentively studied the history of ghosts and apparitions."

"Sentiment," replied Wilson, "haberdashery, and hobgoblins, are the staple materials; so instructed and prepared, I am not surprized that your writings are much esteemed. Your present work will, I dare say, justify the opinion I have already conceived of your literary productions."

"Sir, I am very proud of your favourable judgment, but you will find this the best
I ever

I ever wrote. It has description, reflection, sentiment, gloomy forests, ghosts, and every thing. An insolent reviewer pretended that my *Slave of Sensibility* was frivolous and superficial; you will find deep argument and philosophy here.

Wilson, taking the MSS. with a grave countenance, read *Amazing Adventures, or the Life of Lady Dorothy Dingy*. "Here," said the writer, "is a short account of the story."—"Godfrey Glendower having seen Lady Dorothy Dingy, daughter of the Earl of Penmanmawr, is captivated with her charms. Finding, by a servant whom he had bribed, that he is not indifferent to her, he conceals himself in the park near her father's castle, hoping to have an opportunity of seeing his beloved in her walks, and has the pleasure of relieving her from two great dangers; the first from a vicious intended ravisher, who, however, escapes punishment by the swiftness of his foot, and afterwards from a vicious Welch cow, who, in the lady's return to the castle, at-

tacks her with more courage than the ravisher faces Godfrey. The cow is punished by being turned out of that pasture into the barren mountains of Wales."

"The cow is worse off than the ravisher," said Wilson.

"Have patience," said the lady.

"Godfrey applies to the Earl for Lady Dolly's hand; but, being refused, applies to herself to marry privately. To this she will not consent. By means of her attendant, he administers to her a sleeping potion, and coming in to her apartment during the darkness of the night, takes advantage of her defenceless situation. She, meanwhile, is totally ignorant of what has past. Soon after Godfrey is carried off by a body of negro pirates, who had come a cruising from the mouth of the Gambia to the coast of Wales. The intended ravisher, who turns out to be Sir Hugh, her father's cousin and next heir, no sooner hears that Godfrey is gone (for it was he that had sent to Africa for the negroes) than he
asks

asks her in marriage. The father consents, but Dorothy refuses. He resolves to accomplish his purpose. By this time Dorothy finds herself in a state for which *she cannot account*. The father hearing of her situation is taken very ill. His cousin comes to see him on his death-bed, and afterwards declares it is the last will of the old Earl, that he should take possession of the earldoms, and Dorothy be sent to a nunnery. The child is sent off privately to nurse. Dorothy dies." "Poor Dorothy," said Wilson. "You will find she comes to life again."—"I rejoice at that,"—"and a grand burial takes place."—Dorothy Dingy haunts the castle. You see I have my ghost; and, indeed, (said she) my ghost affords the best incidents in the whole work. The new Earl of Penmanmawr lives in grand and fashionable style, both at his castle and in London, where he goes to balls, ridottos, routes, masquerades, operas, and every other amusement that *constitutes the happiness of life*, but is gloomy and disconsolate amidst all. The ghost, mean-

E 2 while,

while, haunts the castle, and is a very troublesome inmate. Having a talent for music, the apparition often amuses herself with playing sometimes on a hand-organ, and at others on a Jew's-harp. Meanwhile, Sir Troubadour Truncheon, who is in Palestine, on a crusade, (for, it was in these days the story happens) hears by accident of the captivity of his friend Godfrey Glendower, crosses the country on his courser from Asia to the Gambia, vanquishes he-lions, hyenas, elephants, serpents, and black giants in great numbers, and in twenty days makes out his journey."

"Was not," said Wilson, "that rather too expeditious, as the distance is four thousand miles?"

"Why," said she, "I confess it rather is too quick."

"Unless you make allowance," said Wilson, "for enchantment, as Sir Troubadour is a knight-errant."

"That,"

“That,” said the author, “removes the difficulty. I thank you for the hint.”

“Besides,” said our hero, “many of the readers may not have adverted to the distance; and, I dare say, the fair writer herself did not think it worthy of much consideration.”

“To confess the truth,” said she, “I thought crossing Africa was little more than crossing England; but to proceed:—Sir Troubadour rescues his friend Godfrey, hires a canoe, and gets safe back to Bangor-ferry. There he hears of the ghost of Dorothy Dingy. Grieved to hear that his Dorothy is dead, he determines to watch her appearance;—meets her—finds she is not dead, but only pretended to be so, to avoid the violence of his cousin, who she suspects had killed her father.—She acknowledges her misfortune.—He confesses he was the cause.—She readily forgives, thinking it well it was no worse.—His friend, Sir Troubadour Truncheon, and he, vanquishes the possessor of the castle and

his adherents—Finds the old Earl is not dead, but confined in a dungeon.—The usurper is ordered to death.—The old Earl is restored to his right.—Godfrey marries his Dolly.—Their benefactor, Sir Troubadour, who had been long enamoured of Grizzeline Glendour, the sister of Godfrey, ventures to declare his passion, and is rewarded, that instant, with the hand and heart of his Grizzel.—In the general joy a pardon is pronounced in favour of Sir Hugh, who is immediately transformed to a saint, and undertakes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.—That is my plot, gentlemen, and for characters I have plenty, taken from modern life, in and about London.”

“ That mixture will afford an agreeable variety,” said our hero; “ a plot from the days of chivalry, and characters from the present.”

“ I think it will,” said the author.

“ Now,” said Wilson, “ is it altogether credible that Lady Dolly should be so circumstanced without her knowledge?”

“ Why

"Why, as to credibility, I hardly think it is; but you do not expect credibility always, in novels, to be sure?" said Douglas.

"It would be very unreasonable, and also, I confess, very foolish," said Wilson, "as experience, founded on a very great majority of instances, would shew the probability of disappointment."

"I have," said the lady, "very good authority for that part of the story in the *Mysterious Pregnancy*."

"Yes," added Wilson, "and in Allan Ramsay's song of The Mill, Mill, O."

"My characters, I, in the conclusion, make all virtuous and happy. I have eleven marriages; seven of the couples come, most unexpectedly, to great fortunes, by lottery tickets, returns of relations from the East and West Indies, death of uncles and cousins, relenting parents, and other means, as in use in *the novel line*."

"I shall be much pleased," said Wilson, "with the account of the West Indian for-

tunes made in the time of the Crusades. There is novelty in that idea."

"Is there," said the author, "I am glad of it, for it did not strike myself as new; but let me point out to you some of the reflections, which will convince you how deeply I have studied human nature. Observe, it is in an advice from a sister to a brother, not to gratify his passions, when leading to evil. 'Oh! Charles! if every one were to follow the dictates of their passions, what would avail religion? 'Tis true, we neither made ourselves nor our dispositions; but surely every Christian should carefully endeavour to conquer bad inclinations and evil desires. Of what utility would precept be, if every *one* confessed, by example, that *they* heeded nothing but the gratification of *their* passions! Anarchy and confusion would soon take place of order and decorum.' What do you think of that observation?"

"One of the most original (said Wilson)
and

and profound I ever heard. It sets forth, that implicit gratification of passion is not the way to order and happiness."

"I have a touch at my own sex, too, in another place. You see, George, by the above conversation, the disposition of some women. They rejoice at the mortification of another; and, under the guise of pity, insult even their companions, I will not say friends. The narrow-minded, and the ignorant, can never allow beauty, even to their friend; at least, if they allow it, the beautiful person is regarded with jealousy, and seldom treated so cordially as others less handsome."

"A very ingenious discovery, indeed, respecting the female character; it proves, that women, sometimes, envy other women for their beauty. But what's this that follows? I think this is as profound as the other: "Was you ever in love, George? If not, you must be a stranger to all that tender solicitude, that inexpressible combination of pleasing anxiety which animates

the breast of a faithful and a successful lover."

"Now for my powers of description," said the lady, delighted with the supposed applause of the two critics; "it is the preparations for a double wedding: 'Sir Felix bespoke the honour of giving us both away. He is really grown young again. You may suppose, Jane, that I have but little leisure for writing, here is so much bustle—so much finery—so many parties for our amusement—Merioneth so happy—Ellen so tranquil—my Ladyship so well pleased and Clifford absolutely wild with transport. In short, what with mantua-makers, milliners, lawyers, and lovers, we have not one leisure hour in the four-and-twenty.—A carriage stops at the door. Ellen out of breath. Mercy on us! Lord and Lady Severn are arrived.—Nothing but congratulations! I thought Julia would never quit the arms of her friend. They both wept even to agony. Sir Felix, at length, separated."

separated them. He received Lady Severn with affection truly parental.—You have no idea of the generosity of Sir Felix. A most elegant service of plate is this moment brought me.”

“This is really the quintessence of novel description,” said Douglas.

“One thing,” said Wilson, “I very highly approve of, in the works of this and other ladies, is the rapidity of their inventions, which brings together such a number, and variety, of delightful incidents, without waiting for the slow movements of probability. However, in this they have a very good pattern in the Arabian Nights Entertainments; but I hope you are not without ladies that have been betrayed into an error by the too great sensibility of their hearts.”

“Four of my marriages are made up of couples that were intimate before; and of these, two had been married to other husbands, but having the good fortune to be divorced, were enabled to marry the men.

of their hearts. These are very comfortable examples to young ladies, married or unmarried, who may feel themselves disposed to commit a little slip."

After farther comments on the plan, execution, and tendency of the production, she at last took her leave, and betook herself to a printer's, who, being well acquainted with orthography, was of great use in correcting the novels of ladies for the press.

"Charles," said Douglas, "how can you encourage this poor foolish woman to publish this balderdash?"

"To publish it! Ten to one if it is not very much admired by the majority of novel readers. Did you never read the works of Miss Lovelorn and her mother; Mrs. Derwent, Mrs. Rockcastle, Mrs. Rhapsody, Mrs. Singsong, &c. &c. and, to come to our own sex, the works of Dr. Truss, the sermon-manufacturer, &c. If you have, and remember them, you must perceive

Mrs.

Mrs. Brainsick falls far short of them in nonsense and extravagance."

Our hero, after this critical disquisition, returned home, and soon after had another interview with Lady Mary Manhunt. As the reader may wish to know some particulars concerning this ornament to quality, we shall give them a short sketch of her history.

Lady Mary Manhunt had been married at eighteen, but not to the man of her heart. Her husband was a man of sense, integrity, knowledge, fortune, and an elegant figure. The affections, however, of Mary, had been before fixed on an object as inferior to Mr. Manhunt, in person and accomplishments, as he was in rank and talents. This was a music-master, who, at the father's earnest request, had long devoted six hours a day to the tuition of the fair Mary. Mary, though not without a good ear, was for some time indifferent to music; because, in fact, surfeited with it; she was often overcome with langour, before
a third

a third of the time was elapsed. Her ennui! Signor Humostrumo endeavoured to relieve by conversation; though his discourse was not very enlightened, it was not unpleasing to Lady Mary, who was far from being fastidious, and though his face and person were not very striking, an impression was soon made on the young lady. The Signor perceived his conquest, and, in the spirit of that gratitude and virtuous principle which foreign-sojourners, especially those from the virtuous regions of France and Italy exhibit, took an undue advantage of his inexperienced pupil. About this time Mr. Manhunt having seen the young lady at a ball, was smitten with her charms, and made proposals, both to herself and to her father, soon after. Devoted as her affections were to the Signor, there was still a little corner left for equipage, retinue, and splendour. She determined at last, though not without painful struggles, to sacrifice her favoured lover, to her not favoured lover's town-house,

house, country house, estate, coach, and coach-horses. Indeed, she made the sacrifice not without mental reservation concerning the music-master.

The reader may be surprized that so young a lady was so far advanced in the morality which teaches to gratify inclination, however contrary to old fashioned notions of religion and virtue; it is necessary, therefore, to inform him, that she was a great adept in doctrines of Mary Wollstonecroft, and had formed her notions on the theory of one, who, though the philosopher, her husband, says, "she was born to give a new impulse to female manners," really did no more than stimulate the old impulse, which made so many in all ages and countries disregard chastity, as much as Mary Wollstonecraft herself inculcated, either by precept or example. While Lady Mary's speculative principles were, in a great measure, formed from the theory we have mentioned; her practical were imbibed from the titled and untitled banditti of female swindlers, who

who preside over Pharoah-banks. To one or two of these she was nearly related, and with more of them intimately connected. The Countess of Falsedice had been most frequently her *chaperon*; from her conversation and practice, Lady Mary learned to disregard the absurdity of property as much as she could have done from Godwin himself. Mrs. Shiftcard taught the same lesson; while Mrs. Bagnio, and the young Miss her daughter, that amiable and benevolent female, instilled into Lady Mary sentiments concerning marriage worthy of the Political Justice itself.

During her marriage, which lasted about three years, she had two children, the paternity of which the enlightened manners of fashionable gaming-houses, rendered it difficult to ascertain. Lady Mary having considered her progeny as mere interruptions to her pleasures, was not sorry when heaven took them to itself, which happened in the life-time of her husband. Having a great jointure by him, and by
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the death of a brother, having succeeded to her father's estate, the want of which had been the original cause of her marriage, she was now in very opulent circumstances, and was extremely liberal in her attachment to any handsome young man that happened to take her fancy. She had very fascinating manners, and a countenance and figure that might have passed for those of Cleopatra. She had been very much struck with the manly beauty of our hero, had fallen in love with him at first sight the day he picked up her glove, and had expressed her affections as we have partly mentioned.

CHAP. IV.

Effects of Dissipation—Our Hero's literary Pursuits grow languid—His Mind suffers a temporary Elevation—Stings of Remorse—Embarrassments of Lady Mary—Her Means for Extrication—Proposes to introduce Charles to Lady Falsedice—Description of a titled Sharper, and her Associates—Douglas at the Countess's Rout—Advantages of Firmness—Transactions and Events of the Night—The various Modes with which Gaming brings Destruction—Resemblance between Fraudulent Gaming-houses, whether by Persons of Quality or no Quality, and Receptacles, described by Mr. Colquhoun's Treatise on the Police—The same in Principle, but more Comprehensive in mischievous Effects, in proportion to the Rank and Influence of the Offender—Adventure of the Highwayman—Recognized at the Countess's—Anxiety of her Ladyship and Associate—Apprehensions of some of the Friends of the House, from the Recollection of the Bow Street Officers—Conversation with Mr. Neville on Gaming, and the Countenance it receives from high Rank and higher Genius—Not countenanced by the highest Rank or highest Genius.

THE Lady was much more completely happy in the conversation of Douglas than he was with her's. His beloved Isabella,
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the fair, the virtuous, the tender, the elevated Isabella, haunted his waking thoughts and his dreams, and seemed to reproach him with the time and attention bestowed on one who so little resembled her, in whatever makes a female character amiable and estimable. Her lovely image would often present itself with an interesting, impressive expression, more in sorrow than in anger, lamenting rather than chiding. Even the very time that Lady Mary occupied his conscience represented to him as an injustice to his Isabella, as it ought to have been devoted to that persevering industry by which only he could with certainty expect to be in a situation wherein consistently with wisdom, and consequently real love, he could possess his Isabella. The interest, also, of his mother and sister, required from him exertions that might enlarge their (at present) circumscribed income. The pleasurable and dissipated life which he now led, not only engaged an attention which ought to have been otherwise

wise

wise employed, but made his efforts more feeble even during the time devoted to literature. His compositions were more languid, his reasoning weaker and looser, he did much less, and what he performed was much inferior to his usual excellence. He was himself conscious of this inferiority to that which he had been accustomed to produce, when his mind was neither diverted by fashionable frivolity, nor enervated by frequent indulgence. Often did he resolve to leave the lady for ever, and as often did her charms and fascinating allurements seduce him from his virtuous resolves. Every art that could be used to gratify sense, please imagination, and debauch principle, were employed by Lady Mary, in order to secure the continuance of an intercourse which afforded her such delight. She had, in the course of her career of gallantry, found that no means were so effectually conducive to the subversion of integrity as gaming. To this pursuit she was much addicted, and frequently

quently got herself into embarrassments, which she induced her lovers to take very unwarrantable means to relieve. Although her estate was considerable, it was income rather than property, being so entailed that no part of it could be sold or even mortgaged. A little before her acquaintance with our hero, she had been fleeced by her friend, Lady Falsedice; and although she had contrived, by pawning her plate, to raise a considerable sum for immediate use, yet her very expensive parties soon dispersed the proceeds. To jewels she could not now have recourse, having long parted with her own, and substituted, like other extravagant ladies, *Dovey's paste* in their place. She understood our hero to have great expectations, but to possess little at present. She, therefore, formed a plan of impelling him to have recourse to usurers, trusting that if he were once begun, he might raise not only such sums as he might want himself, but also to supply her demands. *To drive a young man to usury, or, indeed, any other*

other species of ruin, she knew *nothing could be better adapted than an introduction to the house of Lady Falsedice*. Many, indeed, had that illustrious personage sent to the King's Bench and the Fleet; not a few, endeavouring to indemnify themselves on Shooter's Hill, or Hounslow Heath, for their losses in the parish of St. James's, ended their career before Newgate, on an edifice which her Ladyship's principles and practice would have fitted. Her *mode*, however, of depredation being different, although the PRINCIPLE was the same, she escaped that exaltation. Indeed she was still more fortunate, as she had never been subjected to the imprisonment due to cheats and swindlers; and although frequently guilty of subornation of perjury, when enquiries were made respecting her domestic arrangements, had been so wonderfully lucky as never once to make her appearance in the pillory.

Let not a reader impute to our laws or
Magistrates

Magistrates the impunity of such a culprit, her exemption from punishment has been owing to the folly of those, who knowing themselves defrauded, did not chuse to prosecute, *because the cheat was a Lady of quality.* Those who would not have scrupled to have carried the proprietors of the low Hay-market gaming-houses to Bow Street, were most absurdly forbearing to the high, in the Western vicinity.

To the house of the Countess of False-dice did Lady Mary carry our hero. This Temple of Fraud, in which so many dupes and knaves offer their worship, had every allurements that could please the taste, fascinate the eye, and gratify appetite. Here was many a Millwood to lure the young Barnwell to destruction. If men could not be otherwise induced to be the dupes of the rapacious hostess, syrens were employed to make every sacrifice which could procure them influence with the recusants, the *domestic arrangements* being perfectly adapted to the purpose.

Douglas

Douglas had one quality that operated with great advantage on the present occasion; a quality, the possession and exertion of which, both in private and public life, is necessary to firm and beneficial conduct; a quality, without which the profound and comprehensive genius, the accurate, extensive, and multifarious knowledge of the first man of his country, and, consequently, of the world, would not have enabled him, with perseverance, to execute his own great plans in circumstances of so untried difficulty. Whatever his own understanding told him to be wise, or right, no ridicule, no censure, no imputation of folly, or unworthy motives, would induce him to abandon. He knew the character of the house, and went with a fixed resolution not to exceed half-a-guinea whist; and, if he found any fraud, to expose it, be the cheat who he or she would.

Lady Mary, with whose plan this resolution by no means concurred, tried every art in her power, and which she had often
found

found successful, to persuade, ridicule, or shame him into compliance: "My dearest Douglas," she whispered him, "I shall consider your joining in the amusements of the night, in the same way as other people of fashion do, as a proof of your affection for myself, and the contrary, as tacit satire on me and my acquaintances."

"I have made a solemn promise," said Douglas, "not to endanger incurring a loss which would put me to any inconvenience."

"A promise!" said Lady Mary, not without surprise, "what signifies a promise? Promises and pye-crust, you know—" said she with the most *original* ingenuity—"Rash vows," with a simper, "are made but to be broken. To whom did you make the promise?"

"To myself," said he.

"Then you can absolve yourself whenever you choose; and besides, I absolve you. But here comes Lady Falsedice. My Lady, here is my beau, whom I have

brought to introduce to your Ladyship—he is quite a savage, and refuses to play.”

“A savage!” answered her Ladyship, “with such grace in his figure, intelligence, and dignity, and sweetness, in his countenance!”

“Nay, don’t take the trouble,” said Lady Mary, “to make love to him—as your Ladyship has many other occupations, I wish to spare you that employment—but pray assist me in prevailing on him to follow the example of the house.”

“What, a young man of spirit and fashion,” said the Countess, “refuse to play! You will be the laugh of all the young bucks of the age. You must not show yourself in Bond Street. Come, come, Mr. Douglas, let me set you down in your friend Lady Mary’s party to *rouge-et-noir*, you will find it a most amusing entertainment.” Several other ladies, who came up to have a view of the handsome stranger, dressed in that mode which prevented their charms from being strangers to the sight,
eagerly

eagerly joined in the request, hoping to have a share in plucking the pigeon, and each anticipating the pleasure of a farther acquaintance with the finest man in the room, an acquaintance for which the principles of these gaming ladies would have allowed him his own terms. He still continued obdurate. One of them, to shew at once her wit and her learning, said she supposed, notwithstanding his appearance, that he was really one of his countryman Lord Montboddo's Ourang-outangs, but that he must be transformed."

"The first step towards my transformation, Madam," said Douglas, "you think is that I should be *caught*?"

The Countess herself, who was of all the most thoroughly practised in *breaking in* new characters, privately advised them to forbear, for the present, pressing the young gentleman to game, and, meanwhile, to assist her in making the party as agreeable as possible to him, that so he might be inclined to repeat his visits, and, by sym-

pathy and imitation, be drawn into the vortex. This was a mode she had seldom found fail with those who at first were cautious, and unwilling to hazard their property. To this trouble her Ladyship and her associates concurred in subjecting themselves, on the supposition that Douglas's uncle was dead, and that the nephew was the certain heir of his fortune, for such was the belief and report of Lady Mary. In conformity to their virtuous plan, leaving him that evening to his own inclinations, they filed off in different parties; Lady Mary going to a Faro-table.

Douglas now amused himself with observing various sets of gamesters, and the effects of different success. While he was listening to a lady, (who, intending secretly to convey a six to make out her party at *wingt-un*, by an unfortunate mistake had taken a seven, and so overshot the mark) declaring she would never touch another card, he was, to his great surprise, accosted by his friend Neville.

“What,

“What, Charles! you here?”

Charles then informed him that he had come at the instance of a lady, but with a fixed determination not to play. “But, Mr. Neville,” said he, “I am very much surprised to see you here.”

“I shall explain to you my motive, my young friend, before we part; but as I never play, let us observe the company. I know many of them, and can give you a tolerable account of them.”

Charles expressing much pleasure at the proposal, Mr. Neville proceeded:

“That lady who is now talking to the hostess is Mrs. Shiftwell, one of the principal partners of the fraudulent firm. While the Countess takes care that the dice are properly loaded, and the E. O. tables in right trim; that the *croupiers* are perfect in their subordinate provinces of villainy, Mrs. Shiftwell takes the management of the cards, having studied, under a juggler, the art of cutting and shuffling. Although *vingt-un* be a more favourite game with

her, she will frequently play a rubber at whist, and manages matters to secure honours to herself when she deals, and now-and-then to change a card when she does not—so that she can safely venture to bet high. At loo she is a most dexterous hand, taking care to secure Pam thrice out of five times—not oftener, to prevent suspicion. She has also a very quick glance, so that from other people's hands she can arrange her own play. At *vingt-un* she is still more successful. As she has an opportunity of adding theft to fraud, she manages so as to keep the bank, and, in paying what may be due at the end of a deal, contrives to slip a guinea or two into her mittens, (playing in these in preference to gloves) as she finds they best answer the purpose of stealing. Whether this be a capital felony I am not lawyer enough to determine; I cannot, therefore, say if the lady deserves hanging, or merely transportation. Mrs. Bagnio is also a very useful partner; her peculiar excellence, however, is not so much loading

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ing dice, and packing cards, as collecting demireps, and other obliging ladies, for the accommodation of men of gallantry. Her daughter and she are never at a loss, as they need only have recourse to their own intimate acquaintances. I should suppose, Charles, as you are no player, gallantry must be your object; but I can tell you, you'll find it much more *expensive* here than either in King's-Place or Half-moon Street."

"I should apprehend, Sir," said Douglas, "that such assemblies as this must be favourable to the business at Doctors Commons?"

"You are perfectly right," replied the other; "gaming in various ways leads to other vice, and to that among the rest. Respecting criminal conversation, it operates chiefly in three channels: first, whatever unhinges principles of honesty tends to destroy other virtues; she who cheats to gratify her avarice, will make no scruple to deviate from chastity should any tempta-

tation offer; and there can be no better place for such temptations, as there is every provocative which can stimulate desire, and abundance of convenience for immediate gratification. Besides general destruction of principle, and particular allurements, there is a third cause in gaming-houses which often produces violation of the marriage vow. When a lady is a loser beyond her resources in the pawnbroker, she may, in lieu of money, bestow another *valuable consideration* on the winner, or some other man who may extricate her from her difficulties. If you go over the history of the divorces in fashionable life, you will find that many of them may be traced to such gaming-shops as the Countess's. Indeed, the town receives its chief supplies of demi-reps, of the higher order, from the establishment of the Countess of Falsedice, Mrs. Shiftwell, Mrs. Bagnio, and other ladies, who set honesty at defiance; as the lower order of boarding-schools, by giving low
girls

girls useless accomplishments, supply the inferior order of courtezans."

"I think," said Douglas, "it would be a question worthy of the orators of the Westminster Forum, Whether right honourable and honourable gamblers, or governesses of boarding-schools for the daughters of mechanics; in other words, Whether certain cheats, or certain impostors, tend most powerfully to increase prostitution?"

"I should suppose," replied the other, "the solution would be, that the fashionable fraud-shops tend most to the seduction of married women, whereas the low boarding-schools prevent marriage, by giving accomplishments of no earthly use to the scholar, and so rendering her unfit for a husband within her own sphere."

"I observe," said Douglas, "you call gaming-houses *shops*."

"I confess," answered the gentleman, "I there do the majority of shops very great injustice. I believe there are very few that carry on so extensive and regular a plan

of fraud. There are, indeed, according to Mr. Colquhoun's admirable Treatise on the Police, shops, in various parts of the capital, in which the possessors are as willing to be receivers of stolen goods as Mrs. Bagnio, Mrs. Shiftwell, or the Countess of Falsedice; but they have not capital for carrying on so very large a traffic in fraud and theft. The old iron shops, rag and thrum shops, store shops, and others of the same kind, particularly described by that able magistrate, are upon exactly the same principle as the *receiving shops*, of *gambling ladies*. The object of both is to purloin other people's property. But more credit is due to the invention of the fashionable than the unfashionable *receivers*. The fashionable make their houses bagnios and taverns as well as locks.* They have supper and wines, as well as other accom-

* Places for receiving stolen goods. See *Beggars Opera*, and Fielding's account of Jonathan Wild, which last character had as thorough a contempt for honesty, as even a lady-president of a gaming-house.
modations,

modations for the entertainment of their customers, but the landlady's bills are very high."

"I should suppose," said Douglas, "from your account, Sir, that highway robbery, and various other felonies, would be another consequence of these meetings; so that they must supply business to the Newgate Solicitors as well as the Proctors at Doctor's Commons?"

"You are very right; not a few, from the training of these ladies, receive their last finish from the hands of the executioner. Not a month ago the unfortunate Weston testified that his impending death was owing to the delusion cherished in these fashionable gaming-houses. Within this half-year, three suicides, two forgeries, and ten highway robberies, were shewn to have derived their origin from these places of fashionable resort."

"Were," said the gentleman with energy, "conscience, now lulled asleep, to rouse and re-assert her awful power in the breast of

Lady Falsedice; were she to call up before her fancy the phantoms of those whose death she had been the cause of, what numbers of haggard spectres might appear before her to arouse her now lethargic conscience! But let us take a view of the company. I know many of them, and can give you an account of their situation and circumstances, so that you may judge of the variety and extent of the evils arising from these receiving-shops. Observe," said he, "that person with his eyes eagerly fixed on a card. That is a wholesale woollen-draper from the city; his father left him an excellent business, and a considerable sum of money in the funds. Vanity induced him to associate with fashionable idlers, instead of the respectable and industrious traders of his own sphere. Mrs. Bagnio got scent of him, and, understanding that he was a young man not disinclined to gallantry, employed one of her younger female coadjutors to commence an intrigue with him, and introduce him to the copartnery.

The

The woollen-draper was delighted with the supposed conquest, and also with the company to which he had now free ingress. From being a man of great property and credit, he has not now a sixpence in the funds, his goods and household effects are under bond and judgment, his draft of ten pounds has been refused at his banker's, and a docket is expected to be struck every week."

"Who is that finely dressed gentleman, with whom the Countess, or, to adopt your idea, the *Landlady*, is in close conversation?"

"That is a noted sharper. He was originally a waiter under the Piazzas; thence rose to have a share in the banks near Leicester Square and the Haymarket, and finally is now a fashionable black-leg. There is between the lady co-partners and the most dexterous and successful sharpeners an alliance defensive and offensive. These persons may be considered in some degree as out-riders to the firm of Fraud. Their chief business is to
find

find out pigeons, which are lured to the rookeries, while these under black-legs assist in plucking them, sharing with the upper lady black-legs the profits."

"But can a fellow who has been a waiter receive admission here?" said Douglas.

"Most undoubtedly he can, when he so effectually promotes the purpose for which all are admitted."

A person now passed them in very great agitation, who exclaimed, he was undone for ever!—On inquiry, they found that this was a gentleman of good landed property, with an amiable and deserving wife, dearly beloved by him; himself a man of good sense and disposition, who, unfortunately for himself and family, had become acquainted, during a summer excursion, with Mrs. Shiftwell, who insinuated herself into his favour, and allured him to his doom. His estates would be all sold, his wife and children beggars, because he was so infatuated as to frequent this and similar
haunts

haunts of destruction. "Behold that young officer," said Neville, pointing to a graceful and elegant youth. "That brave young man distinguished himself in Flanders and Holland, and procured the patronage of his royal commander, who promoted him to a company. The youth was likely to rise high in his profession, but at an evil hour the right honourable *receiver* invited him to her house. Her acquaintance was a mildew, that blasted all the fair prospects which opened to his virtues. He must sell his commission, and linger out in confinement, in all bodily and mental misery, a life which would have been honourable to himself and estimable to society. Not far from him you see another youth, the only son of a widowed mother, who had hoarded, by the most rigid parsimony, by denying to herself almost the necessaries of life, a few hundred pounds. These were destined to purchase an appointment for her son. A friend settled the bargain; the youth came to London with the money, fell in with one of the Countess's

Countess's jackalls, is plundered and ruined.—That beautiful woman, highly rouged, who sits close by Mrs. Bagnio, was once as amiable as she is still fair, was educated in piety and virtue by her excellent and venerable father; but the pernicious influence and example of Lady False-dice proved too powerful for her principles. She became a gambler, lost her money, paid it with her virtue to the husband of a most worthy and lovely woman, whose heart was broken by the desertion, and she died of grief. This lady is now one of the most fashionable demireps in the vicinity of the Parks, and her house is the resort of those ladies, whom, in the language of Fielding, every body knows to be what nobody calls them."

"The Countess is not particularly scrupulous in the choice of company, I find," said Douglas.

"Why, no," said Mr. Neville, "otherwise your friend Lady Mary Manhunt would not be one of the company."

At this Charles blushed.

"Come,

"Come, come, don't be uneasy, my friend, her character will not suffer—although I believe it to be as good, and as deservedly good, as those of the other intimates of the lady of the mansion. Indeed, if her Ladyship were nice, she must be without most efficacious instruments of success to the frauds of the partnership."

The reader may be surprised that Lady Mary had been so long absent from Douglas; but the fact was, she had a considerable run of luck, which engaged her so warmly, that, for the time, she forgot our hero: besides, if she had remembered him, it would not have been without displeasure, because so inflexible to her solicitations to try his hand at *rouge-et-noir*.

Neville and Charles happened now to be overlooking a rubber at whist; which being finished, a lady, pretending to want change, took up the money that was under the candlestick, but did not put down a five pound note in its place. "If," said Neville, "this dame were to appear at the
Old

Old Bailey, as she and the rest of the set deserve, she would be found guilty of stealing *above* the value of TWELVE PENCE."

A young lady very pale, and apparently just recovered from a fit of illness, having entered the apartment in which Charles was, the Countess waddled up to her as fast as her large size would permit her, and most cordially welcomed this visitant, to whom she was very much attached, as the young lady had been under her excellent tuition from her early days, and had profited accordingly. On hearing her name, Douglas knew her to be one, who though young, was not without *distinction*. Miss, for she was not *married*, improved so completely from the moral precepts, inculcations, and example of the *ladies receivers*, that she had gone publicly to live with a married gentleman, and was now come out, for the first time after her *accouchement*, to pay her respects to her virtuous friends. Mr. Neville went over her history, and at the same time

time with great truth and candour added, "Miss Bridget, although more celebrated than some other gambling young ladies, does not deserve a greater degree of fame. Her lover," said he, "has manifested in various respects principles not unworthy of the morality of gaming-houses. For this pupil of these receiving ladies he has entirely abandoned a very excellent wife, from whose fortune he derives the means of subsistence to himself and to his courtesan. He too has been educated in these seminaries, but not altogether, being finished by a noted usurer, an intimate friend of a new fashioned philosopher."

Douglas was going to reply, when he observed Neville move quickly to a different part of the room, and afterwards beckon him to follow. Near him he observed Mrs. Bagnio talking to a remarkably well-dressed man, whom he soon saw Neville regarding with a most fixed attention, and at last stepping up to him, requested a moment's conversation. The other replied,
with

with a confusion that he in vain attempted to conceal, "I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir."

"You have seen me," said Neville, "and I have seen you."

"Where, Sir?" said the other, "for I am sure I do not recollect."

"Your memory must be very bad: however, I shall effectually refresh it."

"I don't understand your style, nor, indeed, your tone of speaking," said the other, who was of an athletic figure.

On this Douglas stepping up said, "I don't know the point in discussion between my venerable friend here and you; but I advise you in addressing him to lower *your* tone."

The other, less from intimidation than recollection, answered, "I am persuaded that I have no reason to be offended, and that the gentleman mistakes me for some other person, with whom, from his mode of address, I should conceive he is not altogether pleased."

"I do

"I do not mistake the person," said Neville; "did not I meet *you*, Sir, or, more properly speaking, *you* meet me, last Thursday between Cobham and Esher?"

"I am totally unacquainted with that road, Sir."

Neville turning to Douglas said, "This man robbed me of my purse, watch, and a ring, as I was coming to town from Guildford. He stopped me in a mask; but it dropping just as he was riding off, I had a full view of his face."

"Sir," replied the other, "I am a gentleman; you utter a most slanderous falsehood, and I will prosecute you for defamation. I will go and apply to a lawyer this instant."

Neville caught hold of him. The man would have easily disengaged himself, but Douglas interfering, the noise drew a number of the company to the scene of action. Lady Falsedice coming up, and seeing her athletic friend in the grasp of a man much stronger, in a tone of authority asked what
the

the meaning of this riot was? "Mr. Out-ride, let me tell you, Sir, is a gentleman of whom I have the highest opinion, and one of the most intimate friends of my family."

"I have not," said Neville, "the least doubt of the truth of your Ladyship's two assertions, nor do I conceive them to be in the smallest degree inconsistent with the third, which I now proceed to make, and shall in the proper place prove. I charge this man with having robbed me on the highway. So, Sir, come along with me before a magistrate."

The particular friends of the house and agents of the firm would have attempted to rescue Mr. Outride, from motives of sympathy, as they did not know how soon it might be their own case; but they reflected, that many of the gentlemen present were of a very different cast, though drawn here by curiosity, credulity, gallantry, and the love of fashionable society, and that Mr. Neville, though not generally
a fre-

a frequenter of such places, was well-known, highly respected, and would be supported should any scuffle ensue. They had not the smallest doubt of the truth of the charge, as, in fact, Outride had lost his money the very evening before the alleged robbery, and they were aware that nothing could be more probable than his having recourse to such means of supply. Were they to be active in rescuing him, their own appearance might be required at the Public Office; an exhibition that these worthy friends of the house and agents of the firm, had *each separate* and ALL STRONG reasons for cautiously avoiding. These prudential considerations overpowered their attachment, an attachment founded on the basis of similar manners, principles, and habits of conduct. Lady Mary Manhunt, who was also well acquainted with the worthy person in jeopardy, came up to our hero, and, dismissing her resentment, in a whisper entreated Douglas to let the poor gentleman go, not to mind that cross old bore, she was sure he must be mistaken.

To

To this intercession Douglas, whose attachment to Lady Mary, the incidents of that night, Neville's hints respecting that lady, and what he himself had heard, and indeed seen, of her most intimate friends, had very much diminished, did not pay the desired attention.

The Countess of Falsedice, in an authoritative tone, commanded Douglas to let the gentleman depart, and also to depart himself.

Neville, who had been absent for a few minutes, said, "We are both in readiness; shall your Ladyship's friend attend us to the Bow Street officers, or shall they join the company? If they do," casting his eyes on some of the intimates of the mansion, "they will recognize more than one old acquaintance."

One of these, who apprehended the very same recognition, whispered her Ladyship, "that it would be better to let him go quietly; that measures could afterwards be taken to defeat the prosecution by an *alibi*,
which

which to oblige your Ladyship we can easily have sworn."

Her Ladyship and her partners, who were equally interested, were comforted by these hopes.

Mr. Outride was conducted down stairs, delivered to the officers, and, accompanied by Neville and Douglas, carried to the Brown Bear. A watch that was found on him being produced, Neville declared it to be his property. The fellow, probably hoping to soften the owner, begging to be left alone with him and his friend, confessed the robbery, and, being asked for the other effects, protested that he had lost at fara, all the money but one guinea to Mrs. Bagnio and the Countess; that the former lady had fancied the ring betted against, and won it.

"You see, Charles," said Neville, "these ladies are receivers of stolen goods."

"That they are," said Outride, "and knowing them to be stolen." He proceeded: "Gentlemen, if you knew my

tory, I am persuaded I should excite your compassion; and that you, Sir, instead of prosecuting me, would interest yourself to obtain permission for me to be sent abroad."

Neville would make no promises; but saying he should afterwards have farther talk with him, calling in the officers, withdrew with Douglas for the present.

Neville carried our hero with him to the Piazza coffee-house, where he related to him the particulars of the robbery, and added, "that having given information at Bow Street, and described the man, the attendants immediately knew whom he meant, and that evening coming to his house, informed him that they had searched a public-house near Fleet Market, a night-cellar at St. Giles's, and several other places, but that as he had hardly time to make away with the money yet, it was by no means unlikely he might be at the Countess's rout, where many gentlemen of the road resorted after a successful expedition,
and

and were always made extremely welcome. —Accordingly (continued Neville) knowing her Ladyship to be as liberal a dispenser of her tickets as the landlady of any other tavern, to increase the profits of a public entertainment, I procured a card, betook myself to the place, and succeeded as you have seen.”

Douglas expressing on the subject of gaming-houses the sentiments of justice and integrity, and including all, whatever the rank of their keepers and frequenters might be, in his reprobation, Neville replied to him: “What would you think of exclaimers against government, its abuses, and corruptions, clamourers for political reform, whose moral principles are formed, and conduct determined, by the practices and vicissitudes of the gaming-table. Gaming, always too prevalent in this country, has in the present age been more fatally frequent, and more rapidly destructive. Countenanced not merely by rank and fashion, but by splendid and

G 2

powerful

powerful genius, it has engaged not only the frivolous votaries of idleness and insignificance, but many possessed of talents which might have been most beneficial to the community. It has rendered useless those energies which might have given the most effectual aid to the counsels of a country contending for order, property, virtue, and religion, against anarchy, robbery, wickedness, and atheism; but (continued the venerable patriot) although part of the energetic intellect, for which our country is distinguished, be mis-spent in this either mad or profligate employment, by far the largest portion of it is much more profitably exerted. Though high talents, and high rank, are too frequently addicted to this vice, yet the HIGHEST RANK, and HIGHEST TALENTS, are totally unaffected by the contagion of gaming."

CHAP. V.

Charles returns Home, disgusted with the fraudulent Associates—Uneasiness of his Mother on hearing her Son had been at the Countess's Assembly; is relieved on finding that it had made the just Impression—Letter from Lady Mary—Visit of her Ladyship to Douglas— Finds him engaged in studying Mr. Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind—Recalls him from Abstraction to Perception and Sensation—Surprized by the unexpected appearance of Isabella—Emotions of that young lady—Behaviour of Douglas—Jealousy, rage, and fury of Lady Mary—Departs, vowing revenge—Isabella refuses to hear Douglas; is at last impelled by a *Sense of Justice* not to condemn him unheard; is gradually convinced that his Love for herself is unimpaired—The Lovers are reconciled—Dinner-party at Mrs. Douglas's—Evening visit from 'Squire Dashaway just come to his Estate—Miss Light-horse, hearing of his Succession, falls in Love with his Fortune, Curricie, and Horses—A young Lady's Mode of setting her Cap at a rich 'Squire—Dashaway declares he is immediately to come into Parliament, and that he was bred a Politician at Brookes's—The 'Squire's Digression concerning the Parliamentary Qualifications of the Earl of Rack-

rent and General Jemmy Guttle—The discernment and comprehension of these Lawgivers chiefly manifested at Table—Miss Lighthorse, from being a staunch Loyalist, on Account of a former Lover, to please Dashaway praises the French Revolution and the Whig Club—Goes Home and dreams of Dashaway's Curricie.

OUR hero, instead of visiting the house of Lady Mary that night, retired home; he found his mother sitting up for him, and saw, from her face, she had been in tears; he, with the most dutiful and tender respect, taking her by the hand, begged to be informed the cause of her uneasiness. She for some time made no answer, but at length shedding a flood of tears, confessed that some information she had heard respecting himself was the source of her distress. Her friends Mrs. and Miss Lighthorse had drank tea and spent the evening with her. Miss had, in pretended joke, thrown out many sarcastic observations respecting him and a lady of quality, whose name she found to be Lady Mary Man-hunt.

hunt. She had even asked whether Mrs. Douglas, whom she knew, she said, to be a great admirer of Tom Jones, had been examining whether there were modern Lady Bellastons.

Charles, fired at the implication which one part of this allusion might convey, replied, "I am sure that I should in vain look in Miss Lighthorse for a Sophia Western."

"She did not," said Mrs. Douglas, "forget Sophia; but what she said on that subject alluded to a most lovely girl whom I myself highly esteem, and would, if circumstances admitted it, wish to call daughter, I was not displeased with that reference. Although Miss Lighthorse appeared to wish to be satirical on that subject more than on Lady Mary, I was much more alarmed at the latter subject: I desired a private conference with my sister-in-law, and learnt that the town talked of the intimacy of General Douglas's son and Lady

Mary Manhunt; and, allowing him to be a very fine young man, prophesied he would be completely ruined if he continued his intrigue with that Lady."

"She is," said Mrs. Douglas, "your aunt told me, a most notorious demirep and gambler; inveigles young men to gallantry, from that to gaming, and so to destruction. She introduces them to the parties of Mrs. Bagnio, Mrs. Shiftwell, and the Countess of Falsedice, where they are inticed, through wine and gallantry, to bett high among male and female sharpers prepared for the purpose, in a short time fleeced of their property, and driven to the most desperate situation and courses. Your aunt even said that she knew you were to be one of their party to-night, and made no doubt for the purpose of being defrauded by the swindling junto. Consider, my dear son, you are our chief hope; your abilities are very great; but what abilities, Charles, can either to the possessor, his friends, or to society, compensate for the evils of gaming.
For

For heaven's sake avoid this madness, and keep away from her who will tempt you to ruin. Reflect that your father's fortune is not very considerable; that our ready money at present is even much smaller than it could afford; that our chance of succeeding to your uncle's possessions is by villainy rendered doubtful, at least distant; but if you had it all at your own command, it would but a short time supply the extravagance and profligacy of that woman, and the rapacity of her co-partners. Let me conjure you then, as you value a father and a mother's blessing—a father and a mother's peace—as you, the pride and joy of your parents, would avoid becoming their greatest grief, shun those infamous assemblies; never enter the mansion of the Countess of Falsedice; keep far distant from Lady Mary Manhunt. This night Mrs. Lighthorse said they would suffer you to win, in order to plunder you more completely at another meeting."

Douglas answered his mother, that;

G 5.

with

with respect to gaming, he had laid down a resolution from which no authority, no solicitations, could induce him to swerve; as a proof of his determination, he had not played at the Countess's, although every art had been used to pique his pride and stimulate his avarice. With respect to Lady Mary, he assured his mother that she need be under no apprehensions from her influence, as it was never so great as to lead him to any important deviation from duty or interest, and was now much less than it had been. He gave his mother an account of the occurrences of the night, and the effect they had wrought on his sentiments and opinions.

Mrs. Douglas heard with great amazement of the conduct and connections of ladies of fashion and quality, and with great satisfaction that the knowledge of her conduct and connections too was likely to detach her son from Lady Mary Manhunt. Our hero and his mother then parted for the night, indeed the morning, as it was five o'clock.

Charles

Charles was at a late hour at breakfast with his mother and sister, when there was a knock at the door; and presently after a note was brought him, which proved to be from her Ladyship, to the following purport:

My dearest Douglas,

HOW could you be so cruel as to disappoint a woman that loves you so tenderly, and to absent yourself with that old fellow for the whole night. The Countess, says, she must have the finest young man in London to be a constant member of her coterie. She was very angry that you did not return; but neither half so angry, nor the ten-thousandth part so grieved, you may believe, as your Mary. My only consolation, and a trifling one it was, in the absence of him that I most value on earth, and the hope of meeting whom in heaven would reconcile me to death, was a great run of good fortune, having won a very considerable sum of a young gentleman tallow-chandler who wished to make a figure at fashionable parties. My success would have given me high spirits, were it possible to be any thing but melancholy without your company.

With the most ardent and tender affection your's only,

MARY MANHUNT.

P. S. Let me see you immediately.

G 6

This

This epistle was by no means pleasing to our hero, who, being disgusted with the character of the lady, was not without hopes that she might have been dissatisfied with his refusal to play; enraged at his inattention to her intercession, and mortified that he did not return. He resolved to discontinue his intimacy with one whose principles and conduct he detested. At the same time he wished the breach to commence on her side; an effect which he trusted would soon result from her observation of the coolness which he now felt. He accordingly wrote, in answer,—that he was engaged for the morning, but would call in the evening.

Having dispatched her messenger, he sat down to review one of the volumes of Monboddo's Ancient Metaphysics, and, to refresh his mind on that subject, glanced over some of the first part of Dr. Fergusson's Principles of Moral and Political Science; Reid's Intellectual Essays, and Stewart's Elements. He was comparing
the

the opinions of those profound writers on the subject of **ABSTRACTION**, when an occurrence called his attention to **PERCEPTION**, and **SENSATION**. This was no other than the entrance of Lady Mary into the parlour in which he was sitting. Charles was not a little surprised at this visit; as the lady was totally unacquainted with his mother and sister and indeed she was one of the last with whom he would have chosen either to associate.

“Good God!” said he, “Lady Mary, how little I expected this honour!”

“Honour!” repeated Lady Mary, throwing herself into a chair: “What a cold word from you, Douglas! What a cold note you sent me! Business, indeed—a parcel of fusty books.” Looking at one immediately before her, she read, “Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind—What stuff is all this? Hoyle’s Games are worth a thousand of it. What is this?” continued she, “Oh it is pretty enough, ‘Doomed to realize the beautiful but melancholy

choly fable of Sisyphus, by an eternal renovation of hope and disappointment.' This passage perfectly expresses my own case and feelings. Disappointed last night of your company, I consoled myself this morning with hope of your speedy arrival; instead of your presence, there came an excuse; here was, as this Mr. Element calls it, a renovation of disappointment. But, my beloved Douglas, why did you leave me? I was in misery at your absence. Although I had the four honours in my own hand twice successively, my friend Bagnio declared she never saw me so dejected."

"But," said Douglas, wishing to change the conversation from her love and low-spirits, "Your Ladyship mentioned that you had been very successful against a gentleman tallow-chandler."

"Oh Lord! yes; a little after you went away, there entered two men, the most vulgar-looking creatures you ever beheld. One had the appearance of a be-dizened drayman, and the other of a journeyman

neyman taylor, that had arrayed himself in a full dress which his master had ordered him to carry home to the proprietor. Lord! said I to the Countess, what monsters are these? ‘Hush,’ (said she,) ‘these are people of consequence.’ The slim man that struts like a crow bleeds freely; the broad shouldered fellow has not much cash to spare, but is of use to our coterie by bringing the other, who is no less a person than young Squire Dip, son of Jacob Dip, tallow-chandler of the Seven Dials, and Esquire of Dip-Hall. Shiftwell had a good plucking of him some weeks ago; since that time, Eliza Bagnio has taken him in hand, and for wheedling, you know, she is now as noted as ever her mother was; but as our parties are made up for the present, Manhunt, you may take the pigeon for to night.” Accordingly, the Countess going to him said, ‘Mr. Dip, I know you are a man of gallantry, and understand piquet well; here
is

is a very handsome lady who wishes to have a party with you.' I put on my most pleasing countenance. Squire Dip accepted with great delight my condescension as he termed it. I let him gain for a little, until I prompted him to play for fifty guineas the party, and to bett on the points, cards, &c. Knowing my complete superiority, I praised his skill, imputed my gains to luck, and ogled him so, that he fancied he had made a conquest and appeared comforted for the loss of two games, which with the betts amounted to two hundred guineas. He declared that he believed his defeat was owing to his inattention to his game. 'I be looking,' said he, 'at your Ladyship's fine eyes, when I should be looking at *spades and diamonds*. I'll maintain as how they are as bright as *either*.---' 'Come then,' said I, 'double or quits,'---'Done,' said he---I gained of course. My winnings, betts, and all, amounted to four hundred and fifty guineas; for two hundred and fifty of which I took.

took his note, payable on demand, leaving twenty-five with Loadum, who kept Dip's friend drinking all the time; and indeed had plied himself very well, so that he was in proper trim for play; and leaving twenty-five more *for the house*, I carried off my acquisition. But Douglas, you don't seem to relish my victory; you are quite grave," said she, throwing her hand carelessly on his shoulders, "yet, notwithstanding your gravity, I must say, I never saw you more charming."

The attentions of Lady Mary, in spite of himself, diminished the coldness of our hero; they indeed increased to such a pitch, that she was soon seated on his knee, when the parlour-door opened, and in came Isabella! Astonishment at first, rivitted Miss Wilson to the spot; but in a minute recovering her recollection, she attempted to escape from so petrifying a sight, but her limbs refused their office; she sunk down upon a chair, and burst into a flood
of

of tears. Shame had prevented our hero from running to support her; but seeing her distress arising from his conduct, he flew to her, regardless of the presence of Lady Mary, protesting that he loved her, and her only, and that for no other could he have any serious affection.

Lady Mary, who had eyed the interesting figure of Isabella with jealousy, and her emotions with indignation, was filled with rage at seeing their effects upon Douglas; but, on hearing his last words, her anger rose to fury, and going up to him, she said, "Am I then only the temporary deputy of her, of that creature? She and you shall feel a slighted woman's revenge."

So saying, she strutted away with an impudence which to many would have passed for dignity.

Our hero, meanwhile, little regarding her threats, was endeavouring to soothe his Isabella. "My dearest, loveliest angel, suffer me to convince you, that notwithstanding

standing appearances, my tenderest affections are yours unalterably."

"I entreat you, Sir," sobbed Miss Wilson, "never again speak to me on such a subject. I have heard you too often, and, alas! believed you too well! I placed the highest confidence in your sincerity; I now feel I have been deceived—from you, I had hitherto no reason to expect deception; that the case is now otherwise is your fault, but my own if I suffer the deception to continue."

"My adored Isabella, you are deceived by your own virtuous delicacy. Your own purity prevents you from conceiving the compatibility of the most exquisite love for one woman with gallantry for another; believe me, the lady who has just left us can be no object of serious jealousy to the virtuous mistress of any man of common understanding and refinement, with whom she may happen to intrigue. She is no object of love; I have already discovered her heart, dispositions, and habits to be
such,

such, that I was determined to break off all acquaintance with her; and should have made that resolution, even had I been without the most powerful of motives in my real love to the most charming and excellent of women."

Isabella now proposed to retire; but our hero so earnestly prayed her to do him the justice to hear the whole circumstances of the case before she condemned him, that she, persuading herself that it would be unjust to pass sentence without a trial, consented. He then, as far as propriety would permit, gave her the history of Lady Mary, dwelling with particular severity on the incidents of the preceding evening; and tracing her visit that morning to his own determined purpose to avoid her; vowing, by all that was sacred, he would never meet her more.

Isabella gradually softened as she observed, in his narration, that notwithstanding improprieties which she conjectured as to her Ladyship, she herself was solely
the

the object of his love. If she did not with her lips pronounce his pardon, her eyes shewed that her anger was gone, and that very different sentiments took its place. A scene succeeded of that delightful and exquisite tenderness which fills the bosom of two lovers, after clearing up a misunderstanding.

In the course of their conversation the young lady expressed her apprehension of some mischief from the machinations of Lady Mary. Her lover requested her not to make herself uneasy on that head, for whatever wickedness she or any of her agents could attempt, he could without difficulty repel. The clock now striking three, reminded Miss Wilson that she had been two hours alone with Douglas, and she began to express her surprise that his mother and sister were absent; as she had been invited to spend the day with them, and understood that her brother and he were to dine together. Douglas told her that Wilson was to be of the party, that he
need

need not inform her how pleasing an addition his sister would be to their little company. He then begged her to adjust her countenance, which various emotions had so much discomposed. His mother and sister now returned, and with them his cousin Miss Lighthorse, who was eager, she said, to hear the history of Lady Falsedice's rout. This indeed was one motive for her visit, but there was another more powerful. She heard Miss Wilson was to dine at her aunt's, and she thought that she could torment that young lady by rallying Douglas about Lady Mary. Mrs. Douglas hearing that Miss Wilson was in the house, made no doubt that an interview had taken place between her and Charles; a thought that was far from displeasing her, as she conceived the company of Isabella would be the most effectual means of detaching her son from Lady Mary.

Wilson arriving, the party sat down to a neat comfortable dinner; after which Miss Lighthorse began to open her battery
against

against poor Isabella, and actually succeeded in putting that young lady to the blush. She said she had been told, for certain, "that her cousin there and Lady Mary were on the eve of becoming one; nay, some said, that they were actually married; but, perhaps, (said she) that is only a supposition, founded on the frequency of my cousin's visits *at all hours*. I thought I should soon have to call Miss Wilson here by the name of Mrs. Douglas, but I find it is to be Lady Mary Douglas. My mother, I know, will be very happy to hear it; for she says young men ought always to aspire to superior connections, and not descend to those beneath their own rank and situation in life."

Wilson was too proud to be piqued at this insinuation; valuing himself upon his own talents and qualities he cared little in what estimation his rank and fortune were held by others. Douglas, on Isabella's account, was somewhat offended; but had too great a contempt for fashionable flippancy

pancy to oppose to its frivolous strictures strong reprehension. He made an observation or two of slight sarcasm which a little checked the asperity of Miss.

Just as they were joining the ladies at tea, a splendid curricule drove to the door, in which was Sidney and young Squire Dashaway, with whom, through the other, Douglas had a slight acquaintance. Entering the drawing-room, Sidney presented Mr. Dashaway, who was extremely desirous, he added, of cultivating an intercourse with Mr. Douglas. Dashaway here spoke for himself; "Yes, my boy," shaking our hero by the hand, "the old buck is gone at last; egad, I was afraid he would never depart—a d——d old curmudgeon he was; and kept me at short allowance. However, its all the better for me now; he has, beside the estate, left me very pretty pickings." (Miss Lighthorse, who, having seen the curricule with two *out-riders* in mourning, inferred the sable hue was owing to a succession, was well disposed towards

wards this fashionable youth; but still better on hearing of the greatness of the fortune. She, therefore, thought proper to give a smile of approbation at his narrative, although sufficiently discerning to comprehend his depth. "By the Lord Harry," continued he, "I sometimes used to think he was one of the Strulburgs that Gulliver met with among the *Lilliprussians*." Miss Lighthouse laughed very heartily at this stroke of wit. Mr. Dashaway proceeded to shew some more of his accomplishments and views. "Our borough is vacant by the death of the old boy, so I'm going to be returned, and to become a senator."

"You'll make," said Sidney, "a rare legislator, Dashaway."

"Foregad, I shall do as well as old General Guttle, who for twenty years represented one of the chief counties in the north, and never spoke but twice in his life. The first time was in support of a motion for having a pane of glass mended, which was agreed to *nemine contradicente*."

"The devil! Dashaway! you are a scholar too!" said Sidney.

"A scholar! to be sure I am. Don't you remember me at Eton?"

"Oh yes! perfectly; but not as a scholar. But what was General Guttle's other speech about?"

"When on a business, entrusted to him by his nephew the Earl of Rackrent, he was applied to for information, he declared *he did not understand it.*"

"A declaration," said Wilson, "the truth of which the house would have admitted from *him* respecting most subjects of its discussion. Douglas, you knew something of the gentleman. Did not he wish to pass for a Naturalist?"

"Yes," said Douglas, "he us'd to collect herbs, and butterflies, and nicknacks; got some botanical vocabularies, and learned the words *indigenous exotic*, and so forth, which he could repeat by note. He remembered the names of a good many plants; and took it into his head, when he was
parroting

parroting the vocabulary, that he was holding forth in philosophy; but he had no nicety of discernment and no reach of comprehension."

"On one subject," said Wilson, "he was as *discerning* and *comprehensive* as any man in either house."

"What was that?" said Douglas.

"Eating," said Wilson. "No one could more nicely distinguish the quality, nor ably comprehend the quantity of food, than little Jemmy Guttle."

"His nephew the Earl of Rackrent," said Douglas, "is also eminently distinguished for that species of discrimination and capacity. He and Jemmy Guttle have been also uniformly eminent for *their rigid adherence to whatever political party was uppermost*; with the most impartial disregard of favours received, leaving the different ministers as soon as their majorities left them."

"But," said Miss Lighthorse, "your General Guttle and Lord Rackrent has inter-

rupted this gentleman's account of his own election."

" I beg Mr. Dashaway's pardon."

That gentleman then proceeded: " I don't intend to be a mere dumb-bell, like Jemmy Guttle. I am going to study politics. I should like to take a leaf out of your book, gentlemen," said he; " for I understand you are all politicians."

" Which side will you take ?" said Wilson.

" Side ! don't you know I was bred at Brookes's? I am a member of the Whig Club. I just now bowed to old Hubble-bubble of this place. A hearty old cock ! but a devil of a goose, and a shocking reprobate ; always abuses Christ at our club. He does so *prose* us, with his speeches—for he is very fond of speechifying—but you never can understand what he would be at : he stammers, and hems ! and goes backwards and forwards, and this way and that way."

" *Forwards !*" says Wilson; " then his eloquence

eloquence at the Whig Club is better than any where else."

"But what do you think of my horses, Mr. Douglas?" said Dashaway; "an't they quite the kick?"

Before Mr. Douglas had time to answer this question, Miss Lighthorse commended them very highly, praised his taste both in his horses and curricie, and afterwards, making a transition, asked him if he was fond of music?

"Lord, yes!" said he, "I'm quite one of your *dilletanti*. I go to hear Signior Thingembob and the Signora Squeakaway, and call out *encore* when other people do it."

Miss Lighthorse had long impatiently expected she would be asked to play; but finding it was not thought of, begged the other young ladies to favour the company with a Scotch song; which they declining, she was *prevailed on* to begin, and sung and played, with great skill, a very fashionable Italian song, which Dashaway understand-

ing to be one in great favour at the opera, and which he himself had often heard, though he remembered nothing of the time, thought it incumbent on him to praise very highly. In short, she made considerable progress in his good opinion, and entered into his sentiments and opinions; and whereas before, while she was setting her cap at Douglas, she was a most strenuous aristocrat, much more implicitly so than he was, she now took the other side, and lamented the continuance of the war, praised the French revolution, and the Whig Club."

"Its a damned war," said Dashaway; "for the best groom I ever had in my life listed for a soldier, and my next lamed a favourite horse."

Miss Lighthorse being now sent for, went home, and dreamt of Dashaway's estate, curricule, and horses.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Schemes of Lady Mary to be revenged of our Hero—
Pretends to fall in love with Dip—Contrivances to
raise Money—Douglas and his Friends at the Opera
—The Earl of Timbertune's Plan to pass for a Mu-
sical Genius—His Grace of Quondam surveys Pari-
sot's legs—His Discourse with Sir David Drybones
and Lord Linber, with the History of Veteran Gal-
lantries—Account of Lady Falsedice's party, parti-
cularly Mrs. Windowgaze of Piccadilly—Strange
Note received by Douglas.

WE must now attend Lady Mary Man-
hunt, whom we left departing from Doug-
las's house in a very great fury. In the
said fury she hastened home, and meditated
various schemes for destroying her rival ;
sometimes including our hero in this intend-
ed ruin, sometimes fancying the pleasures
of a sweet reconciliation. On her arrival,
she had immediate recourse to her confi-
dent, a favourite waiting maid, who was
entirely in her secrets ; and as trusty as such
secretaries usually are, divulging the secrets
to none but particular friends, and that out
of delicacy in a low whisper. My lady

H 4

stated.

stated the case, varying it only in a few particulars; and protesting that, from the ignorance of a servant, she was shewn into a bedroom, where she found Douglas with some slut dressed tolerably genteely, and appearing to think herself very handsome; a tall aukward mawkin.

“Do you know, Errand, of any hoyden that he has in keeping?”

“Why, Ma’am, please your *Layship*, I heard as how there was a girl of the name of Wilson as was very fond of him, and that he himself liked, until he fell in love with your *Layship*; but that he had given her up for your *Layship’s* superior charms.”

Here Mrs. Errand did not stick exactly to the account she had heard; for she had met with Mrs. Goodwill’s servant, and learned all the particulars of Douglass’s love for our heroine, who, happening to be a favourite with the personage whom we have just mentioned, was represented to Mrs. Errand as a kind of miracle of nature; and as having refused the sons of Earls
and

and Dukes without number on our hero's account.

Lady Mary, not doubting that it was the same person, made accurate enquiry concerning her situation and place of residence. Being informed of these circumstances, she began to devise a regular plan of revenge, and concert means for execution. Mrs. Errand was dispatched to make farther enquiries of her friend ; and succeeded so well, as to learn the history of the intended rape, the rescue by Douglas, and also the name of the supposed ravisher. Suspecting that redoubtable Mr. Dip to be the same identical person who had become so deeply in debt to her, by his losses at Lady False-dice's, she thought it possible he might be rendered an instrument of mischief to her rival. That very afternoon she sent him a polite note, requesting the favour of his company on some business of great importance.

Dip, on receiving this message, consulted with Swearwell, with whom he was then

H. 5.

enjoying

enjoying himself over a bottle of claret at an hotel, where he frequently lodged in preference to Dip Hall, and where he directed his fashionable correspondence to be addressed.

Swearwell told him he could see no reason for his refusing to attend the proposed appointment, because the lady could not mean to dun him, as the terms of payment were fixed. He accordingly repaired to Lady Mary's house, and found her alone. Having begun with indifferent subjects, she came by degrees to the company of the evening before ; and at last, with seeming carelessness, asked him, " if he knew a tall handsome young man, dressed in a blue coat, and named she understood Douglas."

Dip answered in the affirmative; that once Douglas and another fellow had attacked him in order to bully him into a marriage with the sister of the one and mistress of the other.

" A gentleman of spirit," said her Ladyship, " as you, Sir, I doubt not, are, certainly sought.

sought revenge for such an insult and injury."

"I have not been completely revenged yet," said the young Squire. Having a higher opinion of her Ladyship's delicacy than it deserved, he forebore mentioning to her the revenge he meditated. Lady Mary, who had heard an exaggerated account of Dip's fortune, both through his father and wife, thought he would make a very convenient lover to supply her pocket, while she could elsewhere look out for one to suit her taste. She took, or at least made, various opportunities of paying compliments to the youth on his person and appearance. Dip, who was never backward, very readily returned the advances of her Ladyship, and enjoyed by anticipation the pleasure he should have in boasting of their intercourse. Intrigues with ladies of quality have been very frequently a subject of his discourse; often had he accused himself of violating the seventh commandment with such, though he really only had transgressed!

the ninth. He resolved, as soon as he should have made a conquest of my Lady, to take care his victory should be known, in order to obtain credit for other accounts of successes, past or future.

In his next interview with Swearwell, he for the first time with truth boasted of his conquest over a titled Lady. His worthy friend, who had no high opinion of Dip's charms, at first disbelieved his assertions; but was at length convinced of their authenticity, and bethought himself of sharing, if not in the triumph or victory, at least in the spoils. He soon found that Dip's purse was to pay dearly for his gallantry; as that youth applied to him to assist him in contriving means to raise money on his wife's legacy. Swearwell promised his aid, on condition that he should receive one-fourth of the money so raised for his services. He accordingly wrote a letter to himself from Mr. Mañage, dated Lisbon, conceived in the following terms:

“ Mr.

" MY DEAR SWEARWELL,

" This comes to let you know that I have at last got every document about the old Nabob, and also a duplicate of the will. I expect to be home in two months. Should Mr. and Mrs. Dip, jun. want a few thousands in the mean time, if the old gentleman will have the goodness to accommodate them, it shall be immediately repaid with interest. Let Mr. Dip, jun. draw on me, at sight, for whatever he may want. The fortune turns out to be much better than even I thought. He was a damned close-old dog I find—Remember me to old Rhods.

" Yours to command,

" J. MANAGE."

With this letter young Dip and his coadjutor set off to Dip Hall, when they delighted the old man so much that he gave cash, upon his son's draft on Manage, for two thousand pounds; which the two friends divided in the agreed proportions.

Young

Young Dip being in cash, now formed a project, of which the first hint had been given by his friend Lady Mary; of this project an account shall be given hereafter in its proper place.

Meanwhile Mr. Neville had been prevailed upon to forbear prosecuting the highwayman who had been driven to robbery by being himself plundered by the gang of Lady Falsedice; and soon after had gone abroad to his young friend Dudley, who had been wounded in an engagement with the French; and, on the evacuation of Holland, had been left at Hamburgh, until he should recover strength to bear a sea-voyage.

Remittances from India had still failed, so that to support the family of Mrs. Douglass there now was only the interest of the sum vested in the funds, and her son's labours. Though these might be considered as productive at so early a stage of his literary career, they were far from being adequate to the support of the family in the stile which befitted.

befitted their rank and situation. The last letter from General Douglas had informed them, that his acquisitions were much greater than he had expected, and that he was to be home that season. Mrs. Douglas could not think of making a farther retrenchment, when she knew that in six or eight months they would be able to live in a much superior stile to what they had ever done. The strength of Douglas's mind was too great for himself to care how he should appear to his neighbours, when totally independent of their bounty. But his mother and sister, amiable as they were, though both possessed of excellent understandings, had not force of mind enough totally to disregard shew and opinion. Douglas wished their footman to be dismissed; but he saw the proposal was so extremely grating to two ladies, that he avoided its repetition. He here felt the great advantages of self-command; the inculcation of which had been a chief object with his early instructors in his moral education. Although
constitu-

constitutionally fond of pleasure, and consequently inclined to expence, he now practised the most rigid œconomy, to make up for the expence arising from the pardonable prejudices of those that were dear to him. He also found the advantage in the literary exertions which so noble motives produced, of a habit to form which had been a principal object of his intellectual education. Experiment and induction were his guides in ascertaining the merit and tendency of every new performance which was submitted to his consideration. Though his fancy was brilliant, yet did he not suffer it to wander into hypothesis, when the subjects required disquisition and discovery of truth or appreciation of value. But where wit and humour, or even beautiful and grand imagery, were wanted, he was equally successful as in investigation and reasoning. He had a very happy talent for exposing nonsense and folly, which his penetrating sagacity could discover under whatever form they chose to disguise themselves. In strong satire, how-

ever.

ever, he was equalled by his friend Robert Wilson, who was much more distinguished for humour than for wit ; and for acute and powerful reasoning than for either. Wilson had, indeed, thoroughly the power of analysing and exhibiting mind and its exertions, either in literature or conduct. He could dissect and explain the mind of Strongbrain, or descend to that distant likeness of understanding, which many might call *the mind*, of Timmy Tattle. Though not abler by nature than Douglas, nor by industry richer in knowledge, yet by practice he was readier at literary efforts. The conversation and discussions, however, of the two friends, were extremely serviceable to the official compositions of each ; as were the inculcations of both Strongbrain and Grecian.

Business often, and inclination sometimes, led our two young men to the Theatres ; the latter when the plays of Shakespeare, Congreve, Otway, Sheridan, Murphy, and others of the old school were represented

presented ; *business*, when it was necessary to give some account of the tragi-comi-operati-farcical hodge-podges of the present day. Even on those occasions, though not entertained by wit, humour, and nature, they were frequently amused by absurdity ; and though they could not give much credit for invention and genius to writers whose chief agents were ghosts, or chief jokes Irish pipers and big bellied friars, yet the admiration bestowed by a great part of the audience was to them a subject of merriment. One evening they had been contemplating the performance of a writer of very acute and strong genius, who adapted its exertions to the prevailing taste, instead of constructing a regular comedy. They regretted that interest had so perverted talents. "I hope," said our hero, "that should the genius of Sheridan be ever again employed in enriching our dramatic literature, he will not sacrifice to a vitiated taste ; but, by employing his invention according to the dictates of his own exquisite judgment, dispel from the

the stage the bombast, sing song, and Harlequin, with which it at present abounds."

"I hope no such thing," replied Wilson. "You are to consider Mr. Sheridan is not only an author, but a manager; so that, to promote his official interest, he may as likely *follow a bad example, as SET A GOOD EXAMPLE*. If the taste for the marvellous continue, ten to one but he will bend his genius to make extravagance agreeable." *

From the nonsense which often appeared on the other stages, our hero was sometimes under the necessity of contemplating that quality on the theatre appropriated to its exclusive exhibition. At Covent Garden and Drury Lane he might frequently meet with absurdity and inanity, but at the Opera House he was sure of meeting them at all times. One evening his friend Sidney Wilson, and he, were prevailed upon by Squire Dashaway to waste some hours at

* The readers of Pizarro may perhaps conceive that the supposition of Wilson has turned out to be true.

the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. On reflecting more fully on the subject, they thought that, unworthy as the performance itself might be of the attention of men of sense, yet the spectators might be highly worthy of the contemplation of men of taste; and their motives of the discussion of men of philosophical enquiry. "If you don't like their dialogue, gentlemen," said Sidney, who was a frequent visitant at the Opera, "you must like some parts of the singing, and the whole of the dancing; and must still be more delighted with the Pit, Boxes, and above all the Coffee rooms."

"Parisot dances," said Dashaway; "what charming legs!—and then to see Old Quondam with his glass trying to have a complete peep. How the old fellow's chops do water; and he fidgets so on his seat! I can assure you he is to be there, for I just now heard his groom at Tattersal's telling it to Timmy Tattle. Timmy himself proposes appearing there with his cocked hat and sword. The Earl of Timber-tune, and all the Dilettanti, will be there."

"The

“ The Earl of Timbertune !” said Wilson ; “ that is he that takes a French fiddle with him to tread on his toes when he is to call *Bravo*.”

“ The same,” said the other.

In high expectation our young men set off. At the Pit door they found a considerable bustle, owing to an order newly promulgated that no ladies of easy virtue should be admitted to that part of the house. With this regulation professed sisters of the order had declared their willingness to comply, if *impartially* executed ; but unluckily, as a party of them stood near the door, Mrs. Windowgaze from Piccadilly, Mrs. Bagnio, her daughter Eliza, their friend Miss Bridget, and other worthy associates of the already celebrated Countess, were admitted without question. Against this permission the excluded part of the sisterhood exclaimed, as the most flagrant partiality ; and, indeed, not without reason.

Meanwhile our young men entered.
The

The first objects that struck them were those which the fashionable transparency of dress rendered, not discoverable, but fully and prominently conspicuous. But as complete exposure is not the most effectual means for securing continued attention (indeed what can a spectator have to attend to, if he see the whole prospect at once?) they began to view other matters. The only connoisseur among them in music was Dashaway, who, to prove his skill, as every performer appeared, applauded vehemently or slightly, as he saw the Earl of Timbertune set the example; and informed them what great patron or patroness befriended each; and what each had gained at the benefit; "for I know musical history," said he. Madame Banti now arrested the attention of our young men; and they applauded her exquisite tones and execution, as many others did at the same time.

Dashaway whispered them that they were *wrong*, that *this was not the part* in which to express their delight.

"How

“ How do you make that out, Dash?”
said Sidney.

“ Lord, Sir, the Earl has not yet called *Bravo* ;” an observation perfectly correct, as my Lord’s prompter in musical criticism had omitted the application to his toes, in a vain idea, that, because he had often before directed him to applaud loudly in this place, his Lordship would have of himself remembered what ought to be done.

The ballet now commenced ; love, hatred, and every passion ; prayer, battle, and every action, were exhibited in dumb-show and rigadoon steps. The figuranti displayed their prelusive movements and graces with not a little praise from the audience ; but when the Parisot came forward, then were the plaudits loud and repeated ! when thrice she cut capers without descending to the ground, they were louder still ! but when she stood upon one leg, the other extended at right angles, in a direct line to the very point which the sagacious foresight of Old Quondam

Quondam had occupied near the Orchestra, as the most favourable position for a *contemplative* spectator, then were the thunders of applause! Then did the old Evander of gallantry sigh to himself,

"O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!"

"Would I were again as in the days of my youth! *THEN was I fit for war!* but now I can only think and hear of it at a distance." So said the old Peer to himself; to others he told a quite different story.

Meanwhile Sir David Drybones, Lord Limber, old Sir Gabriel Grunt, and that valuable veteran Lord Pimlico, entered into a conversation with Quondam on the charms of the Opera exhibitors, which led each to a digressive recital of his own amorous adventures.

The ballet being done, Sidney proposed adjourning to the Coffee-room; and our young men were struck with the brilliant assemblage which there presented itself. Wilson said, he thought it was extremely absurd in so many to croud to the Opera,
when

when he would venture to say, not one fourth of them had any taste for music: however fond of it they might think themselves. "I admit your calculation," said Sidney, (who was much better acquainted with the place, and the motives of its frequenters,) but not your inference. You have often attacked me, for proceeding on wrong hypothesis; you are now guilty of the same yourself.—You suppose the love of music to be the chief motive for going to an Opera; you may as well suppose that the love of tea is the chief motive for going to Ranelagh. The greater number go to both the one and the other to shew their fine clothes; to meet with cronies, gallants, *and all the world*. Do you see that jolly fellow dressed extravagantly in the mode, and speaking rapturously to Lady Sarah Shatterbrain, about Madame Banti's voice, and *brava* song? He is an honest country squire, just come to town from Yorkshire; and would have preferred the *Roast Beef of Old England* or *Lumps of Pudding*

to the finest Italian air he has heard to-night. He is a great grazier as well as 'squire, and has come up to town to sell cattle at Smithfield. The Earl of Shatter-brain, courting him for electioneering purposes, has him constantly with him at his evening parties; and, by being twice or thrice here, he has learned all the phrases of criticism, either of praise or blame, as any one may do in a few hours, who has common understanding and memory!"

"I did not think," said our hero, "that musical knowledge was so easily acquired."

"I have said nothing about knowing music," replied Sidney, "but only speaking of it."

"Oh Lord," said Wilson, "there's Jemmy Cackagee, and some ladies of very fashionable appearance, nodding very familiarly to him."

"So they may," said the other, "he is one of the principal objects that has attracted them here."

"What!

"What does his gallantry rise so high?"

"Gallantry! no, no; but, by being in his good graces, they know that on Monday morning they shall read their own names in the same paragraph with the Duke of Quondam, the Earl of Shatterbrain, Lord Pimlico, the Countess of Falsedice, Mrs. Bankchest, and many other persons of the first distinction."

"That smirking lady, talking to the person whose country you may know by his face, is she," said Wilson, "an admirer of Italian music?"

"No!" said Sidney, "she prefers the *Irish style*, as combining animation and pathetic."

"I observe," said Douglas, "several pairs filing off."

"There cannot be a better place," replied Sidney, "for assignations."

"But," said Wilson, "Douglas is not without some knowledge of the *conveniences* of the house; he was here at the masquerade with lady Mary Manhunt."

They now approached two ladies in a corner, who, not having been taken much notice of, were indemnifying themselves by discussing very ingenious reports, framed by their own inventions, concerning a very handsome and lovely young lady that was surrounded by beaux. On their return to the pit Douglas was struck with the appearance of a young lady, in deep mourning, whom, on attending more particularly to her dress, he concluded to be a widow. "What an interesting melancholy! what sweet sensibility of countenance! she certainly is come to sooth her grief by the softness of music."

"Oh! I know well who that is," said Sidney; "it is Mrs. Changelove; she has lately buried her second husband, and comes here to shew that she is ready to receive proposals for a third. A young widow in her weeds, coming to a public place, implies nothing more than, *here is a house to let!*"

"To a tenant for life, or at will?" said Wilson.

"- - -"

"For life, to be sure," replied Sidney, "she has no occasion to be a widow to receive a tenant at will."

"Is she," said Douglas, "really fond of music, as she appears to be so affected by it?"

"Oh no, that's a trap for the Earl of Timbertune, who made her some overtures during her last husband's illness, when she, confident that she would be soon disengaged, resisted his advances; trusting her virtue would make her a Countess. To please my Lord, she professes to be very fond of music; knowing just as much of it as that noble votary of Apollo himself, whose comprehension of harmony results from his toes.' As our young men were leaving the opera, the Countess of Falsedice very politely accosted our hero, and entered into some conversation with him; while her friend Blackleg, who had escorted her party to the theatre, went to make some enquiry about the carriages. Mrs. Windowgaze, though she had never before spoken to our

I 3

hero,

hero, yet with that easiness of manners which characterized the coterie of Lady Falsedice, said, "Pray, is not this the *chere amie* of Lady Mary? I cannot say but I admire her taste;" while Miss Eliza Bagnio was no less civil to Mr. Sidney. In the passage our hero observed Mr. Outride looking very particularly at him; and, a little after making a down cast bow, and passing very near him. Having adjourned to a neighbouring coffee-house, our hero happened to have occasion to pull out his handkerchief, when a slip of paper fell from it. Taking it up, he read from the writing of a pencil the words "Generous youth, beware!" Somewhat started, he shewed it to his friends. Jack Dashaway immediately concluded it was some *hoaxing* trick; that being a species of wit for which he was himself distinguished, he very readily imputed it to another. Sidney could not admit this hypothesis, as it was totally inconsistent with Douglas's character to be readily susceptible of false alarms.

alarms, and thought the meaning of this paper must be more serious. Wilson, who was more particularly acquainted with the exact predicament in which his friend stood, and more fully comprehended characters, and more deeply inferred motives and conduct, was no less alarmed than Sidney, though more special as to his ideas of the source. Douglas himself, without feeling any fear, resolved to be cautious in his motions.—Dashaway, whose foppery and dissipation did not prevent him from being sufficiently brave, and ready to assist his friend, was the first to express his resolution to accompany Douglas home, as the peril might be immediate. The others, who had separately formed the same determination, immediately concurred. Douglas thanked them for their kind offer, but laughed at their apprehensions. Having finished their supper, they set off in a coach for Douglas's house. When they arrived at the turnpike nearest to it, they saw a croud at the gate, and, on enquiry, found there

was a wounded gentleman in the toll-house. Alighting to enquire into this circumstance, they found a tall gentleman in the hands of a surgeon; who informed them, that the gentleman had been slightly wounded by a sword from an unknown hand; but that the villain or villains had made off on hearing some persons approach. There had been no attempt to rob him. The wounded man being himself able to speak after his arm was bound up, said, that it looked like an attempt to assassinate, though he could not conceive why, as he knew no one that owed him a grudge. Wilson, without making any comment on this proposed to proceed. On their arrival at Mr. Douglas's, Louisa told them that a stranger had that evening enquired whether Mr. Douglas was at home; if not, where she thought he was to be found, as he had a message from Mr. Manage to him. Wilson whispered Douglas that he would breakfast with him the next morning. They then departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Precautions taken by Douglas and his friends.—

Party at his mother's.—Agreeable and brilliant conversation.—Cheerful evening.—Dreadful interruption.—Adventures of our hero in pursuit of Isabella.—Finds her rescued by one whom he had formerly served.—Evening conversation between the lovers.—The villains escape.—Isabella appears disposed to consent to marriage.—Our lovers return to London.

DOUGLAS, from all the circumstances, was not without an apprehension that he himself was the intended object of the attack made on the gentleman whom he had left at the toll-gate; but said nothing of his suspicions to his mother and sister: though, on some pretence that easily escaped them, he examined the different rooms, carefully charged his pistols and a blunderbuss, and did not fall asleep till day-light assured him there could be no danger at that time.

It was eleven o'clock before Wilson arrived; not that he had without a motive deferred his visit; he had actually risen early in the morning, and gone to Mr. Manage's to enquire if that gentleman was actually arrived, and had sent a messenger to Douglas the preceding evening. At his house he learned that Mr. Manage was still at Lisbon. Hence he was confirmed in his inference, that mischief was intended against his friend, and by some person that knew of his connection with Mr. Manage. The Dips could have no motive for disturbing Douglas, as even failing him the general had another heir, for whom he would no doubt contest the succession, and besides, though vulgar, he had no reason to conceive them so bad as to attempt assassination. Of Swearwell he had heard enough to convince him he would not be very scrupulous, but could not discover any purpose such a piece of villainy could answer to that person. He advised Doug-

las

las to remain at home for a day or two, until he should try to find out a clue.

Douglas himself suspected, that if it was really intended to attack him it must be at the instigation of Lady Mary Manhunt, who, from her furious denunciations of revenge, uttered to himself, he believed not unlikely to contrive some plan for the purpose, and whom, from her intimacy with the gambling coterie, he naturally concluded to be totally unrestrained by principle, and equal to any wickedness. The first thing, however, was to establish the fact that it was intended against himself, and afterwards to enquire from whom and wherefore.

Sidney and his acquaintance Dashaway also called that morning; and the former offering to attempt some information through Miss Eliza Bagnio, whom he had promised to visit, Douglas advised him not to perform that promise on his account, or any other. Dashaway took his leave to pay his respects to Miss

Lighthorse, of whom he was now much enamoured. The other two friends spent the day with Douglas. In the evening, when they were all cheerfully conversing, they were joined by Miss Lighthorse, her mother, and Dashaway. Miss Lighthorse, who had given over all thoughts of love for Douglas, and was quite in raptures with her new admirer, was in very high spirits, entertained them with music, and afterwards with a number of lively remarks and *bons-mots*. Her hilarity diffused itself not only over Dashaway, but all the company; Sidney was extremely brilliant; Wilson displayed his vigorous humour, tinged with general satire; Mrs. Lighthorse, who was particularly pleased with the cast of Wilson's conversation, entered into a contest with him with considerable effect. Mrs. Douglas, without attempting wit, bore her share in the conversation in excellent sense, just and acute observation; while Louisa seemed chiefly to admire the efforts of Sidney's genius, and, though she said little, looked all

all intelligence. Douglas, as host, on seeing his friends employed in intellectual exertion, for some time rather kept aloof. This Wilson observing, (for Mrs. Lighthorse, much as she admired her nephew's conversation, was too much engaged to miss it then; and Sidney, who sat opposite to Louisa, had his thoughts otherwise occupied) drew Douglas on to a description of Lady Falsedice's rout, which he painted in the justest colours.

The clock had struck twelve; and Mrs. Lighthorse, after enquiring for her servants, was prevailed on to sit a little longer, when just as Charles was expressing to himself a wish that Isabella were present, a thundering knocking was heard at the door, and the voice of Mrs. Goodwill exclaimed, in a tone that announced violent agitation, "Where is Charles Douglas?" Alarmed, our hero flew out: "Heavens! Mrs. Goodwill, (exclaimed he) where and how is my dear Isabella?" "Oh! Douglas!" she replied, and fainted in his arms on the stairs. The rest of the company running to

to her assistance, Charles, frantic, called in desperation on his dear Isabella. Wilson was almost equally agitated, and both equally incapable of making any enquiries of Mrs. Goodwill's servant, which might elucidate the cause of the lady's distress. Sidney, however, though very much concerned, yet, from not being so deeply interested, having more the command of his faculties, asked the servant if he knew what it was that had so much affected Mrs. Goodwill. The man told him, with great expression of concern, that some villains had forced away Miss Wilson. Douglas caught these last words, and very incoherently attempted to ask him the particulars — interrupted by Wilson, trying the same thing with no more success. Sidney, begging them both to be a little tranquil, that they might know enough to enable them to take some immediate measures for her rescue, they were so far convinced of the propriety of his intreaty, that they for some minutes were quiet. The servant informed them
that

that while Mrs. Goodwill and Miss Wilson were sitting in the parlour after supper, the door-bell was rung, and he enquiring who was there, was answered, it was a servant with a note from Mrs. Douglas. He accordingly opening the door, a man in a mask clapped a pistol to his breast, while two men rushed in, seized Miss Wilson, stopping her mouth to prevent her crying, hurried her into a carriage, whilst the man that had kept him at bay, hastily leaving him, mounted a horse, and all drove off at full speed. Mrs. Goodwill was so overcome that for some time she appeared to have lost her senses; but at last recovering, had sent for a coach and come as fast as possible. Enquiring at Tyburn turnpike, he heard they had taken the Uxbridge road. One of the men, probably in taking out his handkerchief, dropt a letter, which he just found as he was coming away. Douglas eagerly snatching the paper, read, "To Patrick Swearwell, Esq." "H— and the d——! execrable ruffians!" he exclaimed, and ran up to his

his own room. Ringing the bell furiously, he ordered his servant to procure a couple of horses that instant, under the pain of immediate death. Sidney had before dispatched the man to order four. It was a considerable time before the orders could be executed : during which, Charles was almost raving with impatience and affliction, and Wilson not much calmer.—Meanwhile Dashaway's servant, who had been sent off by Sidney for his travelling pistols, arrived. It was three in the morning, and day-light, before things were ready for their departure. When Mrs. Goodwill recovered, she and the other ladies did all they could to sooth Charles. His mother was under dreadful apprehensions from the consequences of the pursuit ; although a pursuit was doubtless unavoidable.

Setting off, they traced the chaise at different turnpikes till they came to Hayes, when the toll-man assured them that no party of that description had passed in the course of the night. They then deliberated

deliberated whether they should turn to the right or the left ; and at last concluded that the road towards Hounslow-Heath, which branched into so many different directions, was much more probable than the Harrow side. They crossed to Cranford-Bridge, without receiving any intelligence.—There they stopped to make farther inquiries, and to deliberate what course they should pursue. The hostler advised them to turn back to Hounslow, where they might possibly hear of the return-horses ; as they might likely take a different direction home to escape suspicion.

To Hounslow they returned, enquired at all the inns in that great thorough-fare, but to as little purpose as before. At last a country fellow came in, who, on hearing the affair, said he had very early that morning met a post-chaise and four beyond Kingston, on the Guildford road ; and that there were two gentlemen and a lady in it. Charles meanwhile opening the letter to Swearwell, found it was from a man who undertook to assist in the project,

ject, if paid before hand, (without mentioning what the project was) but that, besides, if all arrears were not paid up, he would discover the whole to Mr. Douglas; not forgetting his friend Pat's hints, when tipsey; that he said, convinced him that the will was all a flim-flam. It concluded as follows:—"and so, my dear Pat, you had better be generous and honest, and I'll be easy, and not tell any tales; but if you go for to play scrub, maybe the gallows may be at no great distance; as to your poor limber squire, I should not have thoft him so rampagious; however, if I am well paid, I have nothing to say.

Your's to command,

TEDDY O'GROGAN."

From this letter our young men conjectured that Swearwell was the principal minister in this infernal business, and Mr. O'Grogan, a subordinate agent.

Having now crossed the country to Kingston Bridge, they learned that the chaise

chaise had passed that way at two in the morning, and was driving full speed on the Portsmouth road. At Thames Ditton they met two post-boys, whom having interrogated, they found that they had been beyond Cobham with two gentlemen and a lady. "I am affeard, Sir," (said one, who undertook to be spokesman) "that all is not right and fair.—They said as how the lady was the wife of one of the gentlemen, and that she was so ill that it was necessary to tie a handkerchief round her face.—Methought, for I saw her eyes, she was a crying; but I was affeard to ax questions.—As we were coming away, however, I made bold to say to the servant who was behind, says I, that lady, is, I doubt, in trouble, says I;—said he, never ask no questions, and you will tell no lies, says he; so here is a guinea for you, Gra, (for he was a Paddy) and if you meet any axing after us, tell them you did not see us, and that we are gone another way.—Ah, Paddy, you will be after making bulls, says I; and my fellow servant

vant and I laughed, as well we might; but that did not continue long, for we talked of nothing else all the way, but pitying the poor young lady."

"Where did you take them up?" said our hero.

"Near Whitton, on Twickenham-Common.—We belongs to Kingston.—We were ordered to be there at midnight, and waited near two hours."

"Did you carry them to an inn?"

"O Lord! no, Sir; they would not let us stop even to water our horses.—There was a Guildford chaise and four waiting for them near Esher."

The horsemen on this intelligence proceeded forward's, and were passing with great speed through Guildford, when Douglas heard himself hailed by name from an inn window, and turning about found the speaker was Mr. Outride, who begged to have two minutes conversation with our hero on a subject of very great importance to Mr. Douglas to be immediately known. Charles dismounting, and joining
this

this person,—“ Mr. Douglas,” said he, in a low voice, “ I conjure you to return to London, and guard her that is very dear to you ; be assured she is in danger.”

“ What do you mean ?” said Charles.

“ Mr. Douglas,” said the other, “ I am indebted for my life to your generous intercession, and I hope, bad as my conduct has been, to make to your goodness some returns :—You, sir, I understand, have an attachment to a Miss Wilson.—Well, sir, to be concise, as there is no time to be lost, there is a plot formed for carrying her off, and even this very night the execution may be attempted.—In whatever party of pleasure you are now engaged, for heaven’s sake leave it, and return to London ; as for yourself, be cautious not to venture alone ; I have a brace of pistols here misapplied ; but for you, they would have been fatal to their possessor, but now they shall be employed in the service of my benefactor.”

Douglas, in great agitation, told him, that, kind as his intentions were, his information

formation was too late, and that they were now in pursuit of the villains, whom they had hitherto traced.

"Mount immediately," said Outride, "stop not a moment.—Near Hind Hill is the scene of the projected villainy; I know the spot.—Hostler, my horse this instant."

The gentlemen rode on, and as their horses began to lag they were overtaken on the heath by Mr. Outride. Near a hedge ale-house they perceived a chaise broken down. Outride immediately inquired about their fare, and learned, to his great satisfaction, that they had been detained there for two hours, until a fresh chaise was got from Godalmin.

"How long have they been gone?"

"Not half an hour, sir. You may overtake them on the ascent of Hind Hill."

Galloping forwards, they had entered the winding wood which leads up to that gloomy eminence, when female shrieks arrested their earnest attention. Darting forwards

forwards through the thicket; Outride proposed to dismount: "In an adjoining hovel will the villainy be attempted," said he, guiding them to the place. As they approached the door, they heard a voice, saying, "Scoundrels, with all your odds I shall save innocence."—Rushing in, they saw one man making head against two, whom they perceived to be Swearwell and 'squire Dip, with another lying on the ground, and a lady extended in a swoon on a bed.

What were the emotions of Douglas, when he beheld Isabella? Grief overpowered rage; he threw himself on the bed, where she that was dearest to him on earth lay quite motionless, and as he conceived dead. Wilson was affected in the same manner. Not so Sidney and Outride, who rushed on the two villains, felled them with their pistols, and soon had time to attend to the gentleman, whom they conceived to be the defender of Isabella. He had been wounded, and was faint with the loss of blood; but told them

them he apprehended no danger to himself.

The chief attention of all was now turned to Isabella, who at last gave signs of returning life and sensibility. Opening her eyes languidly, afraid to turn them towards the objects near her, she softly repeated: "Oh Douglas! were you but here to deliver me?"

"I *am* here, my dearest Isabella!" exclaimed her lover. "God of heaven," cried she, "what voice is that, am I in a dream?"

"No, my beloved sister," answered Wilson: "your friends have overcome the villains that meant your destruction."

Isabella, at length recollecting herself, so as to be convinced she was awake, said, "Where is the brave gentleman that delivered me, at the very instant of impending ruin?"

Douglas, turning his eyes to the gentleman, who, by the assistance of the others, had bound up his wound, ran to prostrate himself at his feet: saying, "You have

have preserved, sir, the honour of her whom I most of all love and adore; you have conferred the highest benefit on a mind that feels."

"Sir," replied the gentleman, "you have conferred the highest benefit on a mind that feels. Young lady, your generous lover saved from destruction my beloved sister."

Douglas, looking at him earnestly, exclaimed: "What, Fearnought!"

"The same, my noble benefactor; your benevolent exertions enabled me to return to my professional duty; success has since attended me. Appointed to command a frigate, I was fortunate in taking a valuable prize. I have purchased a small, but neat habitation, where, when not engaged in service, I constantly reside. I was amusing myself with field exercises, when, hearing a shriek proceed from this cottage, I rushed in, and saw an old hag endeavouring to assist villains in the violation of innocence.—The discharge of

my piece at one of the fellows first announced my arrival; and, seizing a hanger that lay on the table, I attacked the other two, of whom one had wounded me in the arm, just the instant before your coming, overwhelmed villainy."

Douglas's alarm and grief for Isabella having now subsided, other feelings resumed their place. Going up to Swearwell, who was guarded by Outride: "Commit that villain to my charge," said he; "my friend Fearnought, can you give me a receipt for making a cat-o'nine tails?"

"I think your horse-whip may answer the purpose sufficiently," replied Fearnought.

Our hero taking the hint, seized the villain with Herculean grasp, carried him to a tree, stripped him, bound him fast, and, to use the language of Tom Bowling, gave him a *round dozen doubled*, with such force and effect, that he was crimsoned with blood; between every stroke,

stroke, calling out, "I shall teach you to attempt the violation of innocence."

Squire Dip being of delicate nerves, the apprehension of similar punishment made him faint away.

Meanwhile the old hag was enquired after, but in the confusion she had disappeared. Outride coming up to the other fellow that was wounded, "Arrah," said he, "is it you, Teddy? who thought of meeting you here, so far from St. Giles's? — Are you much hurt?"

"Not so much as I tho't for," said Teddy, "I don't bleed none, but when I felt the small shot flying about my breeches, I took it for granted I must have gotten a deadly wound."

"And pray, Sir," said Wilson, "how came you to be engaged in this adventure. Tell the truth, and, perhaps, you may escape."

"That I will, an' please your honour," said the man, "for I doubt it's all over with poor Pat. It was he that bribed and

bamboozled me to get into such a clumper. I hear he has had an excellent *whipping*; but that was no novelty to him; he remembers the cart's tail at Kildare, I dare say, to this day. I always said that would not be the end of it. I prophesied that, if he lived long, he would come to the gallows very soon."

"You are well acquainted with his merits?" said Wilson.

"O yes! I remembers him at Dublin, when he, and I, and Larry Odonnel, were hand and glove. Larry was a choice fellow, and the best companion! so kind to his friends in affliction! Poor Larry met with an accident at last. A ladder was his death-bed. It was on him the song was made about:

"The night before Larry was stretched,

"The boys they did pay him a visit."

"But," said Sidney, "without entering into a history of your mutual friends and connections in life, let us hear how you
came

came to be employed in this piece of villainy."

Teddy answered with great composure and deliberation, " It was last Friday morning, that I was at the Brown Bear, near Fleet Market; there was Harry Hounslow, Frank Finchley, Tipperary Tom, and one or two more friends, drinking hot crank, as they had been out all night; when, as we were enjoying ourselves, who should come in but Pat Swearwell? He took me into another room, and asked me what I would chuse to drink; so, knowing I was to be treated, I had a bottle of mulled port. But Paddy then told me, ' my young friend 'squire Dip,' said he, ' is d—ably in love with a Miss Wilson, and by G— he must have her; and so you must assist, Teddy.' I shall, says I, do any thing that is reasonable, on fair conditions; for I won't do the devil's work for nothing; but, says I, Paddy, he is a gingerbread sort of a gentleman, this young 'squire Dip. ' Ay, ay,' said Paddy, ' let us

get off the girl, and I'll soon choose him, and take her into keeping myself, and make his wife and mother, who are in every respect at my command, 'pay the piper.' Sunday morning I went to him, according to appointment; and he told me that Mr. Douglas had been attacked the night before, and wounded, so that he was as safe as a fox in a bag; but, by Jasus, I find Paddy himself was the fox, and Mr. Douglas a strong hound upon him. Well, sir, we had some dispute about money matters; on which I wrote him a letter, threatening him with the gallows for another job, if he did not behave generous; so he gave me a fifty pound note, and I assisted in carrying off the young lady; but it really went against my heart; she cried so about it—until they stopped her mouth. They had taken care to have horses prepared, in order to carry her to this cottage, that I hear belongs to my Lady Mary, who has a house not far off, and used to come and meet her sweethearts here."

The

The gentlemen, from the communicative disposition of Mr. O'Grogan, who wished to get into favour with them, discovered several other particulars concerning both this plot and its prompters and agents; but these shall appear in their proper place.

Mr. Fearnought proposed the party should adjourn to his house, carrying Messrs. Dip, Swearwell, and O'Grogan along with them. O'Grogan, indeed, himself very ingeniously moved, that his two worthy patrons should be handcuffed and bound together, while he should conduct them by a rope.

The horses being now brought, the cavalcade proceeded to Mr. Fearnought's house. Having explained what had happened to his mother and sister, only in the account diminishing his own wound, he introduced the strangers, in one of whom the two ladies with great pleasure recognized their protector; and another gentleman making his appearance, Fearnought pre-

sented him to the company as his sister's husband. He appeared particularly struck with Douglas, told him he had the honour of being known to his father, having served as surgeon under him in India; but before Douglas would suffer him to enter into conversation on that subject, however interesting, he requested his attention to his friend Fearnought, and, after him, to the infamous miscreant who had undergone such discipline at the tree. Meanwhile, a constable was charged with the two fellows, that the ensuing day they might be carried to a justice, to be committed for forcible abduction, and the other parts of their conduct.

The party was entertained with great hospitality and kindness. An express was dispatched by Douglas to his mother and Mrs. Goodwill, to inform them of Isabel's safety. The company now requested Miss Wilson to give an account of the way in which she had been carried off.

“ I was,”

"I was" said the young lady, "sitting in the parlour with Mrs. Goodwill, when a person having rung at the gate, and it being opened, three men in masks rushed in. Two of them seized me, stopping my mouth, while the third held a pistol to the servant. I was hurried so rapidly into the chaise, that it was driven off a considerable way before I was sensible of my situation. When I recovered my recollection, I endeavoured to disengage my mouth from the handkerchief, and once so far succeeded as to be able to call out for help. A horseman, hearing the voice of distress, rode up to the window; but a pistol fired by Swearwell frightened him, and Swearwell, uttering the most dreadful imprecations, declared he would himself proceed to extremities if I attempted again to excite an alarm. Even Dip begged him to be less violent, when he silenced him by threatening to throw him out of the chaise if he dared to interfere. I was in some hopes they would have quarrelled,

and that by that means I might have a chance of escaping; but Dip was overawed. After travelling for some hours, I flattered myself we might arrive at an inn: but, by day-break, I found we were upon a wild heath, and not long after I perceived they were changing horses. Catching the postilion's eye, I endeavoured to make him sensible of my situation, in hopes that he might fall on some means for my relief. Swearwell then spoke in the most brutal terms; and, indeed, so terrified me, that I fainted away, and had hardly recovered, when the chaise, to my great joy, broke down. They immediately sent for another; but as the looks of the postilion appeared very inquisitive, Swearwell sent his own servant, and as the ale-house near which he stopped was by the road side, little was said till the arrival of the chaise, when, being again forced into it, we proceeded, and as it entered the wood, Swearwell became ruder and more terrifying than ever.

ever. Turning aside, I was carried out of the chaise and forced into the cottage, where my shrieks brought this gentleman to my assistance, and afterwards my other deliverers : the rest you know."

Isabella, perhaps, never looked more lovely than that evening. She was filled with that delight which flows over the human heart on escaping from an imminent danger ; she felt the warmest gratitude to Captain Fearnought, but that sensation was excited in a much higher degree towards Douglas ; him she considered as her ultimate preserver, and, indeed, the cause of that protection which had been afforded her by another. Charles's own countenance, animated and impressive as it generally was, that evening surpassed itself. His conversation was peculiarly brilliant, and a thousand sallies of wit issued from his lips. Isabella could not help regarding him with even unusual tenderness. After tea, a walk being proposed, Charles so managed matters as to entertain

Isabella apart, and at the turning of a winding-walk in the wood, being out of sight of the rest, he pathetically and strongly conjured her to make him happy by an immediate marriage. "I cannot, my dearest angel, live without you," said he, "my mother adores you; my father, when he knows you, will be no less charmed with such a daughter; consent to bless me; let us go to London to-morrow, and the next morning be my wife."

She had been looking at him with a face quite attuned to love: "My dearest Douglas," said she, "my own judgment is quite against agreeing so hasty to a proposal."

"Hasty, do you call it?" he replied: "have I not, for four years, been your fond and ardent lover? Do your affections coincide with your judgment, Isabella?"

"Ah, Douglas! in asking that question, you know your own power. If
I have

I have resisted your intreaties, your happiness has been, and is, my object; not my own," said she, in a whisper.

"My happiness, said he, "rests on your compliance with my wishes. Do, lovely Isabella, grant your consent."

"Let us consult my brother and your mother; mine, I know, will be decided by them, and I have no objection to submit to the same decision." "Even," added she, with a smile of sweet archness, "if it should be against my judgment."

Putting the natural construction on these words, he eagerly embraced her, nor did she manifest any displeasure at the warmth of his caresses. The re-appearance of the rest of the party put an end for the present, to this conference.

The next morning, having made an early breakfast, they prepared to carry the ruffians before a justice, when, on sending for a constable, he very gravely told them that the prisoners had made their

their escape-during the darkness of the night: but that Teddy O'Grogan was forth-coming, and as gay as a lark.

"Mr. Constable," said Fearnought, "I must make some enquiry concerning this release of the prisoners."

"I believe, an' please your honour," said Teddy, who was just at the constable's heels, "I can give you a little insight as to that business. Paddy Swearwell had several bank-notes about him, and the young 'squire had more, that might help."

"I scorn your words," said the constable.

"If I find any corruption," said Fearnought, "you shall be made an example."

"I don't care for you," said the constable, "Lady Mary will protect me; I knows a little how things are, to get an artful girl to trepan gentlemen; and then get bullies to mislest them, it wont do in this here country."

"Bullies,

"Bullies you insolent scoundrel!" said Fearnought.

"Don't scoundrel me," replied the fellow, "I'm as good a man as yourself, or any of your pack; and will lay down guinea for guinea with any of you, as long as you dare."

The other gentlemen prevented violence on the side of Fearnought; and they left the insolent plebeian to himself. Sending to the next inn for a chaise, they proceeded to town; Miss Wilson in the carriage, accompanied by her lover, and escorted by the other gentlemen on horseback. They arrived at Mrs. Douglas's, where, having deposited our heroine in safety, we shall finish the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Mrs. Dip becomes a visitor of Lady Falsedice.—Consequences of the new acquaintance.—Extravagance of young Dip and Swearwell.—Means of supply.—Important intelligence received by our hero.—Alterations in his plans thereon.—Social amusements.—Character of Scotch music.

FROM the amiable and worthy party, which we have just left, the course of our narrative now leads us to a very different set, which, from a collision of interest and passions, bore a considerable relation to our hero.

Though Mr. Jacob Dip had been satisfied with the letter written by Swearwell, as coming from Mr. Manage, and even had advanced very considerable sums of money upon its faith, with the additional exhortations of his wife, he again began to long for that gentleman's return. That friend
of

of so many branches of the family, Mr. Swearwell, had taught Madam Dip to play at *rouge et noir*, faro, and some other pastimes, and had even been the means of introducing her to what she, like Winifred Jenkins, called the *squintessence of gentleness*. She was admitted and gladly received by Lady Falsedice, Lady Mary, and the rest of the gaming gang, where ignorance, vulgarity, vice, or any other defect but want of money, could be no bar to admission into an assembly, held for the purposes of fraud and plunder. Mrs. Dip paid a very high price for her acquaintance with fashionable life, and drew so often on Jacob, that he began to be refractory. Of a thousand pounds a year in land, and ten thousand pounds in money, at the marriage with the amiable widow two hundred and fifty pounds from the estate, and five thousand from the cash, had been settled on the young couple. Theodore had already spent all his money, and was assisted, by means of the supposed discount of Mr. Manage,

Manage, in spending the residue of his father's monied property, while his good mother had concluded what Theodore had left undone. A few days before the intended rape, Mrs. Dip lost fifteen hundred pounds to Lady Mary, Mrs. Windowgaze, and Mrs. Bagnio, while Theodore had been equally unfortunate to the Countess, Mr. Blackleg, and Sir Charles Chousem. Here was a sum of three thousand pounds between mother and son, for which they had no effects in hand. The son's part of the estate had, by Swearwell's address, been settled for life on Mrs. Dip, jun. Jacob's cash was all dissipated. What was to be done? Besides, both mother and son wanted more money: the former for herself and Swearwell, who was extremely profuse, and the latter for himself and Lady Mary, who were no less extravagant. "We must have five thousand pounds among us," said Patrick; "we cannot go on without it." A consultation was held, how to bring Jacob to agree. At last the ingenious Swearwell suggested

suggested the following scheme: that a letter should again arrive from Manage, but to a different purport than the former, and addressed to Jacob himself. The letter was as follows:

Lisbon, May 25, 1795.

"Dear Sir,

"I am extremely sorry to understand that your son is become very extravagant. I must say I think our friend Swearwell not altogether the thing as to *prudence*, though an *honest* man breaths not. I have just had an application from Theodore for five thousand pounds, which, with what he has had already, will be a fourth part of all he can ever expect. To be sure the nabob is died much richer than ever I supposed, yet eight thousand pounds will make, as I said, a hole. I find he games, and owes some debts of that sort. I believe we must even pay it, because it becomes the Dip family not to forget their honour. So let it be paid for this time; I shall repay you out of the nabob's estate,

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on your draft at sight: and to try what generosity will do, let him have seven thousand pounds now, which will make ten thousand in all. You and I must contrive a plan for restricting his extravagance in future. Should you not have so much at your bankers, as this is a bad time to sell out, give him your acceptance at three months, and, as I said, draw on me at sight. Kind respects to Mrs. Dip and all friends.

“ Your’s to command,

“ J. MANAGE.”

On receiving this letter, Jacob was put to a great nonplus. As he conceived Manage to be very rich, especially since the nabob’s death, he looked on him as a very great man, and wished to stand high in his opinion. “ Manage (says he) thinks as how I have great sums in the stocks. *Ecod*, all that’s gone. Well, his acceptance however will cover me; so that I may venture, though I must say it is encouraging

raging *extravagums*." He conversed with his wife, who believed the legacies would soon set all to rights, and therefore had no objection to what she looked on as a temporary imposture; if she had herself been of a different opinion, the *authority* of the learned and wise Swearwell was with her tantamount to argument. Jacob was prevailed on to grant his acceptance for seven thousand pounds at three months, to the order of Theodore. Mungo Macmurdoch, who well knew the acceptor's responsibility, discounted it for so moderate an interest as ten per cent. being only at the rate of forty for the year. The debts of honour were paid, and the two friends of the mother and son, as well as themselves, were amply accommodated. As this transaction had happened but a short time before the late attempt, they had no want of cash; a circumstance that had a little weight with the worthy magistrate to whose care they had been committed, and indeed facilitated their escape. Swearwell, however, could
not

not easily go so far; and he was carried away to Farnham, to a friend of the constable. Dip returned to London to my Lady Mary. His mother, hearing of Patrick's place of confinement, paid him a charitable visit, and remained with him until he was able to return to London.

Our hero and his party spent a very happy evening at his mother's, who took occasion to tell him that a letter was arrived from his father, and another from Mr. Manage. The former had written from the Cape, and might be soon expected in England. He had investigated the failure of the remittances, discovered the fraud, and been indemnified for the loss. A large sum was now remitted in a draft on the East-India Company. The general had realised a considerable fortune, as he particularised in his letters to his wife, his son and daughter. Manage's letter was to Charles, assuring him he made every enquiry, and was now most fully prepared to give them satisfaction. "And now,
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my dear Charles, (said his mother) I trust when your father arrives, and is made acquainted with your passion for Isabella, and her very high merit, that, as you will now be able to afford to be disinterested, he will agree with me in joining the hands of those whose hearts are so closely bound." Pleasing on the whole as this prospect was to our lovers, it is not impossible that they wished it to be more immediate than could now be with any propriety proposed. Charles, not doubting that his father would sanction his addresses, did not, as before, refrain from public attention to his charmer, but accompanied her and their other friends to various places of amusement and elegant entertainments. They had frequently at home concerts of Scotch music, delightful to all of unadulterated taste from the sweetness of the melody and the exquisite expression; but more particularly interesting to natives of Scotland, from the association of charming ideas and endearing recollections Of the
Scottish

Scottish tunes not appropriated to dancing; two characters are very prominent; the beautifully descriptive, and feelingly pathetic. Of the first sort, the beautiful, are the Birks of Invermay, Tweedside, Roslin Castle, Patie's Mill; of the last, and highest species, exhibiting passion, are Cowdenknows, I'll never leave thee, Lett Gordon, Flowers of the Forest, Bughaboone Traquair, and above all, I do not know no more. There is a third character, composed of beauty and pathos, presenting passion, but not in so predominant a state as to preclude other objects from also occupying the mind; such as the Yellow-haired Laddie, Mary Scot, the Flowers of Yarrow. A fourth character is humorous, such as Moggy Lawden, Mistrand Willie; these, however, do not abound so much as the beautiful and tender. Our young ladies excelled in both the last mentioned characters of their native music. Louisa had sweetness, melody, and delicacy of voice; Isabella, these qualities, and more

compass

compass and finer tone: she might have risen to Italian songs, and attained perfection in execution; but she confined herself chiefly to impressive effect. Her favourite song was, *I'll never leave thee*, because it had been sung to her from the heart of Douglas; while his was *Lockaber*, because she touched its notes with superior pathos. Miss Lighthouse infused a great portion of Italian and German music. Jack Dashaway was no less eminent at jovial catches and glees. Sidney, who was at once brilliant and tender, was very fond of Irish tunes, from *Larry Grogan* to *Gramachree*. Douglas sung the *Garb of Old Gaul*, *Gillicrankie*, and others indicative of the martial spirit of Caledonia, with great power and effect; nor was he deficient in the tender. Robert Wilson had an ear for music, but not a good voice; his efforts were confined to *Moggy Louder*, *Willy was a Wanton Wag*, *By let us aw to the Bridal*, and others of a similar cast.

Dashaway and Miss Lighthorse were on the eve of marriage; and always together. Douglas and Isabella hoped they were in the same situation. Sidney was now nearly cured of both his democracy and dissipation, and had his mind much more fixed than ever before, as to thoughts and sentiments in general, and as to one charming object in particular. He had always admired and liked Louisa; but as he himself grew steady, he attached himself to this young lady, to the exclusion of others of her sex. She was fully sensible of his merit, but carefully avoided giving him any encouragement, while she saw him with all his abilities so volatile and unreflecting; but as he now was almost constantly with their parties, and she often heard both her brother and Wilson praise him for his amendment, she became more and more deeply impressed with his qualifications. The young people had very often small dancing parties, as most of them could perform very gracefully, having, to their native

five instruction, added the elegance of the admirable school of Jenkins, which has so much improved dancers and dancing. His steps, to the appropriate and inspiring strains of the Gows, did they often practise.

Meanwhile, Dudley being perfectly recovered, returned to England, with his friend Mr. Neville. Dudley, though less advanced in literature than either of the four gentlemen now so often together, yet had a great extent of information and most pleasing manners. The open, unassuming, bold appearance of an educated British officer, who thoroughly knew the world, and had a great deal of humorous anecdote, was a very agreeable addition to their society; the addition to the happiness of which, from the arrival of the General, was with most of its members the supreme wish. In this manner passed the months of July and August: happy to our hero and his friends, but without any incident that deserves record.

About this time, Captain Fearnought came up to town, to ask our gentleman to spend a fortnight with him, during the shooting season. But as Charles was in the daily expectation of his father's arrival, and wished Wilson to be on the spot at the time, and Sidney did not choose to be so far distant from the object of his aim, the invitation was declined. Fearnought, in relating little country occurrences, mentioned Lady Mary Manshutt being in his neighbourhood, with squire Dip, Swearwell, and Mrs. Dip, sen. and that the father had been down a day or two before, but was denied admittance; that he had slept on his return at Godalming, where Fearnought fell in with him, and as the old man was very communicative, he had learned enough to convince him, that Dip had been defrauded of great sums of money by his own son and Swearwell.

The truth of the case, as afterwards appeared, was this:—When Dip accepted

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the draft for seven thousand pounds, he had drawn on Mr. Manage, at Lisbon, for that amount, agreeably to the tenor of the letter. The draft had been returned protested, with a notification that Mr. Manage had no effects belonging to Mr. Dip, nor any connection whatsoever that could justify him, in drawing on him for the smallest amount. By the same packet there was a letter from Mr. Manage, to Mr. Dip, to the following purport:

Lisbon, July 25, 1795.

"Sir,
"In conceiving yourself authorised by me to draw for seven thousand pounds, or one single farthing, you have certainly been deluded by some impostor. I shall be in London within a month after this reaches you, and shall then make inquiry who raises money by writing forged letters in my name.

"I am, &c.
"J. MANAGE."

Poor old Dip was in dreadful tribulation at this account. He carried both the letters signed J. Manage, to Mr. Manage's banker, who immediately, though he admitted the similarity, shewed the forgery. Mr. Dip, finding himself so completely duped, applied to his neighbours Rug and Blubber, for their counsel and assistance. Of the former he received plenty; of the latter none. Blubber indeed offered to help him by purchasing his estate, then under let, at sixteen years purchase. Disappointed by these, and other friends, he set out after Theodore; but was refused admittance. He accordingly wrote to that hopeful son, threatening him and Swearwell with a prosecution for forgery, unless they lodged money with him to take up the bill.

No answer was sent to this letter, but the parties were far from being easy; especially Swearwell, who had been the principal performer. He consulted with Lady Mary on the subject. Her Ladyship

ship undertook to mollify old Dip until some steps could be taken concerning the legacy, making a private bargain for one-fourth of the money which should proceed from the nabob's property. She recommended him to her own attorney, a man as little scrupulous as Swearwell himself, but much abler, and more cautious. On a conversation with Patrick, the ingenious Mr. Beelzebub very easily discerned the real state of the case, and gave a hint that he should have preferred a different edition of the same work, with three attestators instead of two of its authenticity. Having suggested this prescription, he left the operative part to Swearwell himself, being determined to incur none of the disagreeable responsibilities that might attend a failure, if too critically investigated. The former will was re-delivered to Swearwell by Mrs. Dip, jun. with whom he was again become a great favourite, as he had secured to her the part of the Dip property al-

ready mentioned, and a new deed was executed.

Old Dip had hardly returned to town, when he received a visit from the fair Lady Mary. Her Ladyship being introduced to the proprietor of Dip Hall, whom she found in a red night-cap, smoking his pipe, melancholy, by his parlour fire, immediately informed him of her business:—"I come," she said, "on the part of your son, one of the most elegant and accomplished youths that ever graced the party of a lady of quality; a youth whom, if I had known before he was married, I might have been now your happy daughter-in-law; and instead of Lady Mary Manhunt, Lady Mary Dip. However, (continued she, pretending to sob) that is now impracticable, at least for the present; but since I cannot be my dear Theodore's wife, I can at least employ part of my ample fortune in lessening his embarrassments, and in bringing him to condign punishment, who has caused them. Need

I say

I say that man is the villain Swearwell!"

"A willain indeed," said the squire,

"If I am rightly informed," said Lady Mary, "he has forged letters of credit from Mr. Manage, and thus defrauded you of great sums of money."

"That he has," said Dip, "I doesn't know what to do to pay un".

"Let me see the letters," said Lady Mary.

With this request the squire complied. She having perused them, asked if these were all? Being answered in the affirmative, she advised the squire to commit them to Mr. Beelzebub, who would instruct them in the best and most expeditious mode of bringing to justice the defrauder of both father and son, which last she averred, had never received a single farthing of the money, and had even lent considerable sums to Swearwell from his own allowance. Theodore, she said, was extremely desirous to have his father righted, and the ruffian and the

rascal punished. With regard to the money for which Mr. Dip was now engaged, her ladyship undertook, if he would totally forgive his son, and act in concert with him, that she would sell out of the funds for his accommodation, and take Theodore's word for the repayment. Here Jacob's face brightening up, he declared she was the best friend he had met with for a long while, and very thankfully delivered her the letters. Lady Mary then inquired when the bills would be due, and was answered in ten days. "I hope you are not distressed for money in the mean time, Sir," said she. "No, no, an' please your ladyship. I've just a'got half year's rent o' my estate, so that, with what little I had at the banker's before, there is now better than four hundred, which, with your ladyship's kind generosity as to the seven thousand, will more than hold out the half-year." "Let me consider," replied the lady, taking out a check book, "I shall give directions

directions to-day to sell out to-morrow, and shall write you a draft on my banker, payable the day after, which will prevent the necessity of my returning to town again. I want no receipt; you may merely mark it down in your pocket-book,"—"You are the most generous lady I ever met," said the delighted Dip. The lady wrote a draft for seven thousand four hundred pounds, carefully marking the sum both in the counter-check and pocket-book. "Here are four hundred too much," said Dip. "I protest, so there are; how stupid I was," said she.—"However, since it is marked down, you can give me the difference." To this Mr. Dip readily agreed. Her ladyship's kindness even went farther. She was so good as to offer to leave her own draft at his banker's, to prevent him the trouble of going himself. The old gentleman was so pleased with her goodness, that he reposed the utmost confidence in her integrity, and very gallantly agreed.

Lady Mary stayed no longer in town than to send for the four hundred pounds, with which she made the best of her way back to Surrey, had a conference with Swearwell, explained to him the steps she had taken for his security, and the conditions on which he should be secure from any evil effects from the letters now in her possession.

CHAP. X.
 Our hero visited by Mr. Whiffy, Whirligig and Mr. Timothy Tattle.—Whirligig's obsequious attention to the ladies.—His learned and wise remarks upon dresses.—His history of fashions.—Timothy Tattle's account of the trainees, defects, and misfortunes of his various neighbours.—Of his own intimacy with Lord Lifeguard, and credit with rich bankers.—Of the many compliments paid to his horse.—Who and who are together, who are become bankrupts, &c.—Whiffy opens the purpose of his visit.—His account of the arduous task of the master of the ceremonies at a ball.—His high praise of the famous Beau Nash as a sublime genius.—His criticisms on Pope and Sir Isaac Newton.—Timothy Tattle's praises of Eliza and Abel Hard.—History of the Ball.—Awfulness of preparations for a country-dance.—Digression upon the best places for criticism on dress.—Miss Biddy Brainless calls a dance.
 Widow Crump ditto.—Is put out by the difficulty of knowing the right hand from the left.—Douglas conducts his Isabella home.—What happens to him on his return.—Endeavours, in vain, to see Isabella.—Departs from London.

ONE day, while Fearnought was in town, he and the other young gentlemen having

having dined with our hero, just as they had joined the ladies in the drawing-room, after a very smart knock at the door, Mr. Whiffy Whirligig, and Mr. Timmy Tattle were announced. Mr. Whirligig, who was a neat, dapper little man, about five feet five inches, entered the room, tripping, smiling, and bowing, while Timmy followed, grinning and shuffling. Whiffy spent a quarter of an hour in praising the beauties of the ladies, and of the prospect. "We have both within and without," said he, "all the charms of animate and inanimate nature." A being of the former kind now braying in the opposite field, justified the observation. Whirligig proceeded from works of nature to those of art; he entered into a nice and critical disquisition on muslins and laces, including in an episode, an historical essay on fashionable caps. Meanwhile Tim was not idle. With amazing volubility he informed the gentlemen of the private affairs and defects of every neighbour,

neighbour, whose name he could in so short a time recollect. "Mr. A— pretends to be confined with a cold," said he, "it's a cold caught in Drury-lane. That's a fine girl that Mr. B— walks with—he calls her his niece—they are more nearly related than his wife approves. I myself saw her going into a certain house that we all know in St. Martin's Lane;—however, that's between friends. Mr. C— was not at our last public meeting: he pretended he had particular business. Do you know what his business was?—He had over-eat himself at a former. He is the greatest epicure and glutton I ever knew, and for drinking, I am quite ashamed of him!"—"You ought," said Wilson, "to be more indulgent, Mr. Pattle, to the lovers of a social glass."—"You must have heard," continued Timmy, "of the scrape our friend Mr. D. has got into with lame Moll, his maid. I hope, however, it will be kept secret: I should be extremely sorry if it reached

reached the ears of his wife. You will have heard of poor E.'s situation. But I trust, that business will be kept private, lest it should cause a run upon his credit, which I am afraid will be very inconvenient. He is one of the best fellows breathing, one for whom I have a great regard. They do talk of greater debts than any that have made their appearance; but I hope in God no one will be so malicious as to spread such reports, it would be making bad worse. But, Mr. Dashaway, did you hear how Mr. F. was tricked in buying a horse? A most intimate friend of mine he is; but one of the damn'dest fools in the world he knows nothing of horse-flesh. He had a blind animal palmed upon him for a blood horse. I never laughed so in my life. Poor Mr. G! you see how dejected he looks! and not without reason. His wife, I am grieved to hear, drinks like a fish; she and Mr. H.'s niece, Mr. I.'s daughter, Mrs. K.'s mother, and Mr. L.'s grandmother, do keep up a jovial time of it. I get the whole

whole history from Mrs. M. the washer-woman. N. the hair-dresser, also, has told me several good anecdotes: but my friend, O. has asked me to dine with him to-morrow, to meet Lord Lifeguard; and P. told me at Tattersall's, that perhaps old Q. would be of the party. But, do you know, Mr. Wilson, that that snarling R. has been abusing you behind your back. If I was you I'd quarrel with him."

—"A good Christian advice, Mr. Tattle (said Wilson,) but I am rather too much a lover of peace to follow it. But what has become of the affair between Mr. S. and Mr. T? I thought your friendly suggestions had been likely to have given them an opportunity of exercising their courage. Our worthy acquaintance Mr. Tattle here is among his neighbours a true Christian, to the best of his endeavours, not to give them peace, but a sword."

Tattle, not wishing the continuance of Wilson's sarcasms, changed the conversation to the vast riches of Mr. U. the banker;

his

his (Tim Tattle's) great credit with the said banker; his (Tim Tattle's) munificent patronage of young W.; the Earl of X's high compliment to Tim's horse, and the whispered bankruptcy of Messrs. Y. and Z. which he begged might go no farther.

Messrs. Whirligig and Tattle having displayed their oratory in this manner on their favourite subjects, at last came to the cause of their visit. Their object was to invite the party to a ball, of which they two undertook to be directors. Whirligig first, and Timmy second. The conversation resulting from this proposal, produced from Mr. Whirligig a history of the dress which he was to use on the occasion; arguments in favour of that dress, rising by degrees to a discussion of dress in general. He was himself to lead off the first dance with Miss Biddy Brainless; and, in honour of the occasion, was to have a scarlet coat, lined with blue satin, with a brocaded waist-coat,

coat, brown silk breeches, white silk stockings, which the ladies told him peculiarly became his legs. Miss Biddy, he said, was an excellent dancer, baring that she had no ear, and limped a little. "But I, (says Whirligig) manage matters so, that we get through the dance vastly well, and seldom above a bar or two out of our time."—"Who has the honour of your hand the second set?" said Louisa. "The widow Crump, a most capital performer, if you don't happen to tread upon any of her corns. I shall dance only these two dances, as one in my province, (continued Whiffy, stretching and looking big) must attend to the general regulation of the assembly, instead of his own amusement; and let me tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that to conduct such a company with justice and equity, a proper distribution of my own attention to every individual, committed, I may say, to my protecting care, to the music, to the order of the dances, to correct the errors of
of

of the dancers, which often occurs, is a matter of no small weight. I will not pretend to be equal to a Tyson, a Derrick, or a Nash; but I hope not to be altogether deficient in the performance of my duty."—"Nash," said Wilson, "will certainly be recorded in history as one of the first directors of a ball-room that has ever flourished in this transitory world." "He was indeed," said Whirligig, "a most sublime genius! For dress, for handing a lady along the room, for a minuet or country-dance, where was his equal?"—"I think," continued Wilson, "the Bath magistrates acted very wisely in placing him at full length in the room, while Sir Isaac Newton and Pope were only in miniature; as I doubt much if either of them were great frequenters of dancing assemblies."—"Why," says Whirligig, "Pope was a very great genius; his Homer is a very excellent work; I have read extracts from it in Enfield's Speaker. Of Sir Isaac Newton, I don't know much. I think I

once

once read in a play, he was master of the the mint.—I fancy besides he was a maker of globes, for I see him with a globe in his hand, in Westminster Abbey. I fancy he was a clever man, though not so great a genius as Pope, but Nash was equal to the best of them; and, for writing poetry, little Derrick was a great man too. Timmy Tattle concurred in the praises of Pope, and declared himself delighted with his Eliza to Abel-Hard, “and a hard-hearted dog he was,” said Timmy, “or he would have returned the love of so fine a girl.” From this learned conversation, the two visitants returned to the approaching ball, and the arduous task which they had jointly undertaken: “In an office,” said Wilson, “requiring such a diversity of consideration—such comprehensiveness of view—such delicacy of propriety; I congratulate you on the aid you will experience from the vigorous understanding, refined sentiments and elegant manners of my respected friend Mr. I don’t know who.” Timothy

our young ladies; the jackets they had docketed their lovely bosoms, and the peticosats with which their other charms were arrayed, have not been particularly recorded; and indeed if they had, we could not acknowledge our deficiency in millinery and mantua-making to be so great, that we should not be able to comprehend the detail: we can only say that their attire was under the direction of the fair Miss F—, whose taste and invention contribute so powerfully to give the full effect to British beauty; and who, as she improves the charms of others by art, is indebted for her own interesting loveliness to the bountiful gifts of simple nature. As to the gentlemen, we understand that each had a coat, waistcoat, and breeches; but are not informed as to their colour and consistency. The coaches arrived. With their cocked hats under their arms, the gentlemen handed in their fair partners. A short time brought them to the place of rendezvous.—They were ushered in—

Mr.

Mrs Waring encountered them at the door, with the numbers which they received. Miss Lightfoot with her partner, obtained a place near the heart of the dance. The others were destined to occupy more distant posts. Various parties walked or sat conversing on divers important subjects; on ribbons, and caps, and trimmings, and laces, and vests, and eyes, and noses, and legs; many of the ladies, however, rather checked their usual eloquence of discourse, in order, by accurate observation, to have materials for future criticism and discussion. And here we shall venture a paradox; that a ball-room is not the most favourable to profound contemplations of gauzes, toqueticot, and other constituents of dress; as there are so many other objects that engage the attention, and so much noise and bustle to disturb meditation. Occupied in viewing the men, the ladies there will overlook the feathers and the furbelows of the women. The mental recapitulation of the figures

of the country dances, will naturally employ a part of their time. Having something to do themselves, they have little leisure to scrutinize others. At the play-house and operay where they have less to do themselves, they may more particularly attend to the habiliments of the company. Still, however, there are no obstructions to critical examination in those places. Sometimes at the play-house, and often at the opera, are to be seen bucks, beaux, and macaronies, and sometimes they may attend a little to what is going on, on the stage. It may be asked what is the most convenient place for the exercise of talents in the inspection of dress. To this, in our opinion, the answer is obvious—the church. There, may their minds be occupied most effectually, because they may be occupied almost exclusively. In the first place, they have nothing to do themselves: in the second, there are few young men to disturb their thoughts: in the third, there is a stillness peculiarly favourable

venerable reflection. No sooner do they
 enter the pew, and devoutly hold their
 hands before their faces, praying for a
 blessing on what they are to be about,
 than seating their lovely persons on the
 bench, they immediately proceed to ex-
 amine cloaks, bonnets, gowns, ribbons,
 and handkerchiefs. It may be said, that
 such responses in the service may interfere
 with this accurate consideration. This
 objection in our opinion has little weight.
 It proceeds upon a very false hypothesis;
 not only not conformable, but totally con-
 trary to experience; that, when they are
 repeating a response, they are attending
 to the subject. Ten to one, when the
 reader pronounces, 'From fornication and
 all other deadly sins,' the young lady's
 thoughts may be, 'From so horrid a head-
 dress, good Lord deliver us,' leaving her
 prayers as to the other delivery to the
 operation of time and accident. When
 the commandment is recited, that forbids
 worshipping images, may not she be ad-
 dressing

ing a new bonnet, that has just made its appearance in a neighbouring pew! During the fourth, arranging her plans for Kensington Gardens. The fifth, considering by what contrivance she may give her father and mother the slip. The tenth, earnestly wishing for her friend's India muslin. And the seventh, comforting herself, that as neither her lover nor she are married, she is not within the law.—From this digression we hope it is evident to the reader that the church is of all places of public resort, the most favourable to the study of dress, and other agreeable ideas. We mean, however, a church in which the preacher deals in old-fashioned sense and morality, without entering on the impressive doctrines of faith without works, animated exhortations to love, and such ardent and impassioned sentiments as delight the warm hearts of young females, more than even the contemplation of dress itself.

But

But to return to the ball. The company was now assembled.—The word of command was given for falling in.—The sets and couples were arranged.—Anxiety filled many a breast concerning the dance that was to be called, whether it would be easy or difficult, or whether their partners could assist them through the intricacy of the important movements. Both military and naval gentlemen assert, that in war, the most awful period ever experienced, is when the preparations are fully made for battle, immediately before the onset. If this be awful, even to officers and common soldiers and sailors, what must it be to the commander-in-chief, to whom, in the energetic language of Homer, are committed the people, whose breast is occupied by so many cares! But Mr. Whiffy Whirligig was not only commander-in-chief, but president of the council, and to these two momentous departments was obliged to fill a third, to be a soldier. He had to command the mu-

sic, to direct and assist the dancing of the whole party, and to dance himself; though in both wisdom of plan, and energy of execution, he was most powerfully assisted by Mr. Timothy Tattle.

Much conversation passed between him and his partner on the dance to be called. Many grave and profound remarks were made, objections opposed and solved, intricacies alleged and assistance promised, when at length, it was determined, the dance should be, "Go to the Devil, and shake yourself." Having resolved on this benevolent admonition, a clap from the hand of Mr. Whirligig was the signal for action. Miss Brainless and he began the charge, and went through the various evolutions with considerable success, except now and then that she was outside when she might have been as well in. Indeed, there was great wisdom in the choice of this figure, as the elegant Miss Bidley was seldom out of her partner's hands, and consequently the less apt to be seduced

into deviations from the right track. Having come to the bottom of the set, she was so satisfied with her own performance, that she was extremely liberal of her directions, to succeeding operators.

One circumstance, which amused our hero and his party, so enraged Mr. Whirligig, as to produce from him a very severe rebuke:—that was, the studied inattention of the *boyish* part of the young gentlemen; who having just left school, with no great cargo of learning, as their heads were light and unsteady, endeavoured by way of ballast to make use of puppyism. These, who were really not very clear sighted, pretended to more blindness than even that under which they laboured, and as, when they did look, they could see nothing beyond the surface, affected to see nothing at all. As there were present not a few young men of good sense, this nonchalance* was not very general.

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* As young men of this kidney, may probably be no great adepts in the French or any other language, we must tell them this *nonchalance* means careless inattention, or *pretended absence*.

The next dance was called by Mrs. Crump, the partner of the second in command, Mr. Timorly Tattle. Mrs. Crump, not to be outdone in gentility by Miss Bid- dy, called for "Drops of Brandy." Though Tim had several defects in his head and heart, he had none in his heels. He danced with great agility, and, as he could have laid aside a grinning smile and jiggling motions, and in his face and person wore something of the air of a gentleman, he would have been an unexceptionable member of a ballroom. The widow, under his guidance, did extremely well, until they came to a part of the figure, which obliged them to separate, and required a practical application of knowledge very difficult either to an undisciplined soldier, or to an undisciplined dancer; that is, a perception of the difference between the right hand and the left. Then she went astray, and thereby caused great disorder, generating dis- jointed exertions, and of course, put-

pates, which had almost risen into a quarrel.

Sidney and Louisa, Isabella and Douglas, were by far the handsomest and most accomplished couples in the room, and excited great admiration and envy. The music had, in the early part of the evening, been very indifferent, when a little before it was Isabella's turn to call, the celebrated Gow made his appearance, the sight of whom encouraged our heroine to ask for Monymusk, which she knew he would perform in so exquisite and animating a style. Inspired by his exhilarating strains, the whole company, with redoubled vigour, went on with the appropriate dances. Having passed a considerable part of the night in this agreeable pastime, they broke up.

It was now two in the morning, and our hero conducted Isabella and her friend Mrs. Goodwill to their own house. On his return, one of the horses dropped down, unable to proceed. There being

no other coach near, he walked home the rest of the way. He had come within fifty yards of his own house, when three fellows passed him, and returning, posted him. He immediately called to a watchman that was near him, but that guardian of the lives and properties of his majesty's subjects was in no hurry to answer. One of the three, in a voice which he instantly recollected to be Swearwell's, called out, "I will be revenged on you now, Sir; you are in my power." A scuffle ensued, in which the two other fellows did not at first interfere. Our hero, ever since the projected assault on him, had used the precaution to walk with a sword cane, when obliged to be late abroad.—His servant had taken care he should not that morning be unprovided with that assistant:—Swearwell making a pass at him with a hanger, he quickly disarmed him, and knocked him down; but was himself assailed by a blow from another with a bludgeon. Drawing his sword, he attacked

attacked his antagonist with great force, while the third, fearing the issue of the combat, thought proper to decamp. The second fellow fell, declaring he was a dead man. Charles calling the watchman, recommended the wounded man to his care, and went himself in quest of a surgeon, who lived in the neighbourhood, but was so unfortunate as not to find him at home. Proceeding home, he ordered his man to go to town for another. The servant, within an hour, returned in great trepidation, with an account that the man was just at the point of death, and conjured his master to make the best of his way immediately, until the affair could be properly cleared up so as to prove he was not the aggressor. He had, he added, roused Mr. Dudley, who would be there in a few minutes. That young gentleman arriving, and hearing that Swearwell was concerned, made no doubt that it was a conspiracy, and urged Douglas to leave town and its environs, till the matter should

be investigated, and his innocence established; undertaking to manage most, through Mr. Neville, as to prevent the necessity of a long absence. Charles, who was conscious that he had acted only in self-defence, could not be convinced that there could be the smallest occasion for concealment, and would not be induced to take a step, which must for a time place him at a distance from Isabella. Dudley strenuously urged him, but in vain. Finding his own efforts ineffectual, he had recourse to the assistance of Mr. Neville, for whom he immediately sent. The surgeon, who had been for some time with the wounded man, now called, and finding Mr. Neville with our hero, whose interest in the family he well knew, he requested a private conference with him, the result of which was, that Neville represented to Douglas the absolute necessity of his immediately departing from London, and not even waiting to explain to his mother the cause of his departure.

parture. He pledged himself, in a very short time, that his return should be both safe and honourable. Douglas, who from the earnestness of Neville, conceived that the wounded man was either certainly dying or dead, was afraid to ask if the latter was the case. Neville requested him to shape his course towards the west, promising in two days to meet him at a sequestered spot, which he described in Windsor Forest, where he would mention to him in what state his affairs then were. Charles was still not prevailed upon, when the servant entering out of breath, informed them that a posse of watchmen and constables were coming along the village. It was now near seven o'clock in the morning, when Charles, having hastily escaped by the garden-door, crossed over into a field, and thence wandered through various fields, when, by a very circuitous route, he arrived in sight of the house that held his beloved Isabella. Having
for

for some time watched, lest there might be any persons waiting to intercept him; he at last ventured to approach the house. Nothing is more glaring to ingenious innocence, than the compelled appearance of a conduct, which is the usual effect of guilt. This was the case with our hero, who, in every action of his life, as well as in the present case, acted in the justest, most honourable, and gallant manner; yet was forced to lurk about, and skulk as if he had been a notorious criminal. Coming softly, and after examining every face and avenue to the house, he rang at the gate, and enquired for Isabella. Mrs. Goodwill and she were an hour before gone out with two gentlemen, whom he found to be Wilson and Sidney. Disappointed as he was in not meeting with Isabella, he was consoled in the idea that she was under secure protection. Conceiving it dangerous to be seen in the open streets, he betook himself through various bye-lanes to a place where he thought he

he could be equipped with a disguise, that would enable him to hover about his beloved mistress, with less danger of detection. He accordingly arrayed himself in the garb of a drayman, and set out for the vicinity of his mother's house, in hopes of having a glimpse of his Isabella. At a distance he beheld, near the door, two men, whom he readily conjectured to be officers of justice. Withdrawing from thence, he came to a different part of the suburbs; and sitting down under a shed, to ruminate on his situation, and the measures to be adopted, he reflected on the misery which would accrue to his mother, and to his gallant father, when he should arrive, and hear that his son was a fugitive; and, above all, on Isabella, whom he confidently expected in a few weeks to call his own; he could not at first reconcile his misfortunes with ideas of justice. "What!" he said, "have I done to be thus persecuted? What great duty of morality, loyalty, and religion have I broken?"

broken? Have I not exerted my abilities, and employed my opportunities in assisting my mother and sister, and rendering myself worthy of such a father? Have I not to the utmost extent of my power, aided and befriended every one with whom I was connected? Has not my integrity been unimpeached? Have I not comforted and assisted the widow and the fatherless?"—So far and farther said conscience, stating one side of the question; but that awful judge took also a view on the other side, with the same impartiality, and stated to him various imprudencies and irregularities of youth. "Did not you," said conscience, "when entered upon a course of noble and meritorious industry, for the aid of your mother and sister, for procuring you an independence that would enable you with wisdom to gratify virtuous love, relax the efforts of filial duty, and fraternal affection for sensuality. Stimulated by the strongest motives, to virtuous perseverance in the
acknowledged

acknowledged love of Isabella? did not you almost immediately after the acknowledgment was made, give way to vicious indulgence?—Reflect on the shade of your conduct, as well as the light, you will find that you have fallen far short of rectitude; and, indeed, that your present distresses are owing to your deviation from duty. Meditating farther on the subject, he imputed the last villainy of Swearwell to the instigations of Lady Mary Manhunt, and that, because he had given way to illicit passion, to a very worthless, though tempting object, he would be long, but not for ever, debarred from the object of his noblest and purest love. “Such,” said he, to himself, “are to young men, the consequences of lawless pleasure.”

In these tormenting thoughts, he passed the night uninterrupted by the slightest repose. In the morning, however, reclining languid and listless, he was overpowered by sleep, from which he did not awaken till eleven o'clock. Having left
his

his shed, and breakfasted on some milk, he re-entered town, and on the first dead wall he came to, observed a large paper, which a crowd was perusing. The paper was to the following purport:—"Whereas a young gentleman stands charged with a capital offence, in having, on the morning of the 10th of this instant, September, been guilty of stabbing Francis Finshley, contrary to the statute in that case provided; This is to give notice, that whoever shall apprehend, or cause to be apprehended the said young gentleman, shall, over and above the public rewards for bringing a malefactor to justice, receive two hundred pounds, by applying to Belial Beelzebub, Esq. Attorney at law, London. The said youth, whose name, out of delicacy to his friends, we forbear mentioning, is six feet two inches high, finely proportioned, and strongly made. He had on a dark brown coat, &c." Our hero, not doubting that this advertisement was intended to apply

to himself, thought it high time to leave town, and set out by an indirect road towards the place where he was the next day to meet with Neville.

CHAP. XI.

What happened to our hero on his way to the forest.—An unexpected rencontre.—An explanation of former mysteries.—Further discoveries on their return to Town.—Progress of the Plot.

As Douglas was afraid to take the straight road towards Windsor Forest, he took a circuit through Richmond; and crossing the River at Kingston, arrived in the dusk of the evening at Belfont, determining to prosecute the journey after it was dark. Having taken some refreshment at the inn, he set out, contrary to the remonstrance of the landlord and landlady, who represented to him the dangers he must probably encounter before he reached Stains; and still more contrary to the remonstrances of the landlord's daughter and the

the housemaid, who both agreed in thinking him the handsomest man they had ever seen, and paid him compliments on his face and shape, which their respective admirers the waiter and the ostler by no means relished. Regardless of the eloquent exhortations of his elder advisers, and of the more eloquent looks of his younger, Douglas was resolute to continue his rout. He said he had very little to lose, and did not suppose that a poor foot-passenger would be considered as an object of attack and plunder. It was half past seven when he left Belfont. Perfectly informed of the nature of that road, but not knowing into what other dangerous situations he might be placed, he was well armed, having, besides the sword in his cane, a brace of loaded pistols under his frock. About a mile beyond Belfont, he saw two riders walking their horses slowly from a cross path into the great road. They interrogated him whither he was going? To which he answered, "to Staines."

Staines. "Have you got any money?"

"Have a guinea and some silver," answered he, and dismayed. So Watling and, whilst they walked their horses by his side.

"You appear by the star-light, a very stout fine fellow," said one of them, "but that the whole of your stock?"

"By Jove, Jack, don't mind him now," said the other, "I hear the hum of a chaise."

"G—! so it is," said the first. "Good-bye, my friend, we may be better acquainted yet."—"Wen may be so," said our hero.—"By Jove, it's a fair hint, perhaps he'll go along with us, three's better than two."—"But d— my blood," said the other, "while you are palavering, here's the chaise turning the corner between the hedges." On they galloped, Charles, not doubting their intent, ran after them, and was within fifty yards, when he heard them call to the postilions, "Stop!" which order these complaisant persons immediately obeyed. A voice from the chaise, called

"Drive

"Drive round" on which a pistol was fired. Another was returned from the chaise, and nothing by some of the villains, who were now standing; they would murder the passengers for their resistance; and one had actually a pistol at one of the gentleman's heads, when our hero, stealing softly towards them, with his pistol cocked, fired at the ruffian who was threatening murder, and brought him to the ground. Before the other was well aware of this interruption to the design, Douglas seized him, pulled him to the ground with great violence, and called out,—"Gentlemen, you are safe; proceed on your journey."—"What!" said the broken voice of an old man, "and leave our deliverer?" The postillions having now alighted, found that the fellow that had been shot was still alive and breathing. The elderly gentleman saying his friend was wounded, he hoped but slightly, but that he wished to have a surgeon as soon as possible, who might also examine the wounds

would of their poor or rich, and of the positions they held, that he judged from Savilla's tone that at a future justice before the gentlemen were to be insisted on the robber being taken into custody, while his associates, who were wounded, should be bound to the cart; whilst they should slowly walk the highway along to Belfont, and our two keep pace with them on the footpath. All this being done, on their arrival at the inn, Douglas hid himself to the house where he understood the surgeon to be; and he immediately returned with that gentleman. Meanwhile the old gentleman's fellow-traveller had been conveyed to a bedroom; and, on being inspected by the surgeon, his wound was found to be immaterial; and his friends requested their new medical acquaintance to visit the robber, whose wounds he pronounced to be much deeper. The old gentleman now expressed a desire to see his deliverer, whose voice had struck him with astonish-

tions,

tion, which he could not develope.—
 George accordingly was ushered into the
 parlour, where a tall thin man, of a
 sallow, delicate complexion, but with built
 and figure which intimated former
 beauty and grace, rose to receive him;
 but before he had uttered his thanks, re-
 garding the face, countenance and air of
 the young man with the most fixed at-
 tention, he was unable to proceed.—
 Charles had, indeed forgotten the disguise
 he had assumed, and entered the apart-
 ment with his usual grace and dignity of
 manner and aspect. “In the name of
 Heaven,” said the old gentleman, “who
 are you? what means this contrariety of
 dress and appearance? why this disguise,
 young gentleman? for I know, I see, I
 feel, you are a gentleman, and a gallant
 gentleman too!”—“Sir,” replied our
 hero, “a man, without being born a
 gentleman, may do an action of common
 humanity.”—“Good heaven!” said the
 old gentleman, scarcely regarding the ob-
 VOL. IV. N servation,

servation, "the eyes, the eye-brows, the forehead, every feature the same!—your name, immediately!"—"Sir, my name cannot be material to you; and I may have reasons for concealing it."—"I see it is, it must be material to me; your reasons for concealing it cannot be half so strong as mine for discovery."—"Good God!" said Charles, "you amaze me, Sir;" and examining the old gentleman particularly, "I think I could trace a likeness too! but he has no near relation now alive!"—"Who has not?"—"A very near relation of mine, Sir."—"My young friend, my dear young friend," said the old gentleman, solemnly, "I conjure you, by all that's sacred, answer me the questions I shall ask you. Let me not be deluded by a false hope. What is your name?"—"Sir, from your manner and appearance, I am so prepossessed in your favour, that I can repose the utmost confidence in your honour. My reasons for wishing concealment

are

are only temporary; but while they do exist, I have the firmest reliance in you that there will be no discovery."—"That you may have my dearest boy; but your name?"—"Douglas."—Charles Douglas! said the other, clasping him in his arms. "The same," replied our youth, in the utmost amazement. "The son and image of my most beloved brother!" said the old gentleman, sinking into the chair with the force of his emotions. Douglas, with the wildest astonishment, gazed on him: "Your brother! my father has no brother *alive*," added he, in a very faint voice. As he was drawling out this word he fancied he saw paleness in the other's face, which infused into him ideas not altogether untinged with superstition. By this time the old gentleman having so far recovered as to apply a strong odorous essence to his own nostrils, perceiving the doubt and even the consternation of the youth, conjectured the cause, and smiling said, "I really believe,

Charles, you take me for your uncle Alexander's ghost."—"G-h-o-st," said Charles, alarmed at the very word;—"No, my dear boy, I am Alexander Douglas himself; if not altogether in his former flesh and blood, in his bones and sinews, and in his heart, as my brave deliverer shall soon experience.—But what is all this disguise for, Charles? some youthful frolic?—there's a fine girl in the wind, is there?"—Before Charles had time to answer, the door opened.—"Oh! here comes my fellow-traveller Manage—What, Manage, are you already able to walk about? It is owing to this young gentleman that we are not both at this instant, men of the other world. But our deliverer and you must be better acquainted."—"How," said Manage, "and is your nephew our deliverer?"—"Yes; if he knew all, he has acted a very imprudent part; for he has prolonged a burden on an estate that is to be his own; that is, unless Manage here, with the
worthy

worthy Rhodomontades and Swearwell, keep us out of the possession.

Charles then desired to be informed of the particulars of his uncle's supposed death, of which the old gentleman gave the account in a very few words: He had been really so very ill at Madagascar, that it was believed he was dead. Hence the report originated, and reached Europe. On his recovery, he wrote Manage that he would in a short time sail to Lisbon, where he had several important affairs to arrange, in which he wished and requested the assistance of Mr. Manage. This information concerning his friend and employer, had been the cause of a change in his deportment towards Swearwell. He had thought it advisable to conduct himself mildly and softly, as long as on the supposition of the death of Mr. Douglas he apprehended there might, through villainy, be any contest concerning the will; for of its authenticity he had always held the same opinion. He wished

them to commit themselves by entering it into Doctors' Commons, as in the first place, from the hand-writing and other circumstances, he thought it could be proved to be spurious; and in the second, from Swearwell's account of it as to the property laid out in mortgages, it would be invalid. But on finding that the alleged testator himself was actually alive, and seeing from his letters how totally contrary such a deed was to his intentions, he had thought it unnecessary to shew any complaisance to Mr. Swearwell; but could not avoid giving him, at their last interview, a gentle hint that the gallows might probably terminate a prospect not very distant. "From accounts I have since had occasion to learn," said Manage, "I rather apprehend he is driving fast to the goal."

Both Manage and Mr. Douglas being curious to know the reason of Charles being in such a disguise, and in so solitary a situation, he explained the whole

circumstances, not omitting his own imprudent connection with Lady Mary Mankum, to which he imputed the late machinations. Having, in the course of his narrative, mentioned the bill that had been passed up, and also the name of Mr. Belial Beelzebub: "Oh!" said Manago, "my worthy acquaintance, Mr. Belial is concerned, is he? I had a little point to discuss with him, just before I left town; but my friend here being urgent to see me, I postponed it till my return. My principal clerk, however, in my absence, has taken such measures, that I stand on sure ground."—"Was it any very particular affair?" said Mr. Douglas.—"I fear it is the profession," I believe," said the other.—"It is only paying a man for his politeness, in swearing the direct contrary to what he knew to be true."—"My dear young Mr. Douglas, be not in the least apprehensive."—"But if they swear to stabbing," said Douglas, "it is also aailable fence."—"You shall see

turn to town, go to Bow-street, and there we shall discuss their evidence; but it may be as well to keep quiet for a day or two, until every thing is prepared. Apartments are taken for Mr. Douglas in my neighbourhood. I believe it will be as well to disguise his name, that the various iniquities may be fully brought forward; and you shall continue with him until the conspiracy respecting you is unfolded. Our hero then informed them that he expected Mr. Neville and three or four of his friends to meet him the next day in the part of the forest adjoining Winkfield Plain. An express was dispatched with the following note from Mr. Manage:

“BEEFON, SEPTEMBER 12:

“Mr. Manage present his compliments to Mr. Neville, and being thus far on his return from Lisbon, has matters of very great consequence to General Douglas and family to communicate:—requests Mr. Neville and his intended fellow-travellers will postpone their projected

jected excursion to Windsor Forest, and do him the honour to breakfast at his house at ten to-morrow morning."

Charles being now told by the surgeon, that the robber was not in any danger, inquired of the waiter about the other, and was told he either was, or pretended to be, a strange blundering Irishman. Being ordered up to the gentlemen's presence, he came in, in a very rueful countenance, Charles discovered that worthy personage Mr. Teddy O'Grogan. Having given his uncle and friend a short account of his knowledge of that gentleman, by way of introduction, "What, Mr. Grogan!" said Charles, "after all your promises of reformation, is this your performance?"—

"Arrah! by Jasus, Mr. Douglas, for I know you, tho' you be transmogrified; I am afraid I was a bad prophet; I always said Pat Swearwell would go first; but I'm afraid now it will be my nown shelf. However, I've no blood to answer for; I fired no pistol." "How came you to

have been a desperate business?
 Why, but I cannot well be no worse,
 I'll tell you the whole truth, matter of
 fact, now, when I was in Scotland,
 I was with Pat Swearwell, who is a kind
 of old man, and so, after we had some glass
 of whisky, says he, Teddy, says he,
 you know, I shall be at Glasgow, you
 know, some time of the month, another matter
 was any brother. Where have you been
 these seven long years? says he, I have
 been in the United States, says I, as for I, I did not
 like to tell him how I returned from trans-
 portation, for that was a matter of no
 use, says he, I told you in the book
 of the night, and so I did wish to befriend you
 in hope, and will oblige me in your side.
 Teddy, my friend, to write a good hand,
 but different sort of a hand, so, taking
 into a paper, suppose, says he, you write
 down two names that I'll tell you, I'll
 feed you and clothe you, give you plenty
 of a gristle, so you can be as good as
 I did, and you will be as good as I did to
 be worried.

Perhaps meaning *plenty*.

of whisky all for yourself, and any white girl that you fancy. So I did. He directed, and wrote down two notes; I forgot what they were, with witnesses at their tails; but I remember I saw Alexander Douglas in another part of the same paper. I afterwards heard about a will, and guessing Master Pat had been at some of his old tricks, came to Lannan, where he was threatened to let the cat out of his bag if he did not give me some money; for as I don't much like pistols, I can't say I am fond of the road when I can do without it. So Pat give me a little money now and then; but two or three days ago, having lost my money at domino, I spoke to Pat, and put him in mind of the will; but he told me it was destroyed; and a friend of mine that I met last night, at Turnham Green, told me when he was drunk, as a secret, that there was a new will with three witnesses. So having no other way of getting a bit of bread by honest industry than this, I

betrieved a horse and came out with an old acquaintance, who agreed to call me Jack Blah, that my real name might not be discovered."

Mrs. Manage then asked him if he knew whereabouts that gentleman who was one of the witnesses to the will, might lodge?

"In Dyot Street, St. Giles's," said he;

"but my fellow-traveller, down the way, knows more of him, nor I does."—Pro-

ceeding to the wounded man's room, interrogated him whether he knew any thing of Bob Bluster, and where he was

to be found?—"I may swing," replied

the other sullenly; "but d—me, if I'll

peach; I'm a true-born Englishman for

that; besides, Bob, by G—, is more

talk than doing. I don't believe he ever

called—"Stop!" to a man in all his born

days; he has 'at the heart. So you'll

make nothing of it in that way against Bob,

—take my word for it."—From this testi-

mony to the character of Bob, they were

not without hopes that they could either

per-

persuade or intimidate him to declare whatever he knew.

In the course of the evening Mr. Douglas mentioned to his nephew, somewhat of the state of his affairs, and intentions respecting the disposition of his large property, and heard with pleasure from Charles that the General had also been very prosperous. Our hero mentioned nothing of Isabella, until he should be on a more intimate footing with his uncle.

Early the next morning they set off for town; and after Mr. Manage had been a short time with his own family, he wrote a note to Mr. Dip, sen. requesting the address of Mr. Swearwell, as every thing was, he said, now ascertained respecting Mr. Alexander Douglas.

Mr. Neville and the young friends of our hero arrived, and were, to their great joy, let into the state of affairs so favourable to Charles. Neville undertook to communicate the unexpected discoveries to Mrs. Douglas; but with an express desire
from

from her son that none should communicate it to Isabella until he could see her himself.

Dudley now informed Douglas, that a letter had arrived through a West India packet, that had fallen in with the ship in which General Douglas had taken his passage near Madeira, and that he might be expected in the channel in a week. Wilson informed him that he had heard from the surgeon who attended the wounded associate of Swearwell, that the man was really in no danger, but when under the apprehensions of being so, had thrown out some hints which they were that day to inquire into. He was, it seems, feverish, and at times somewhat light-headed; on which occasion, he had more than once exclaimed bitterly against Swearwell—d—d him and his will too,—and expressed great indignation against a person whom he called Bob Bluster. “The very name, Mr. Douglas,” said Manage, “that the Irishman mentioned.” Mr. Neville then undertook to consult

consult that able and upright magistrate Mr. Penetrate, and lay before him the various villainies which they knew or conceived to be in agitation, or to have been actually committed by Swearwell and his gang.

The other gentlemen having departed for their respective destinations, and the Messrs. Douglas having gone to their own apartments, Mr. Manage alone, waited the return of the message concerning Swearwell. In a short time Mr. Dip arrived, but very much changed in his appearance. Instead of the priggish, conceited, consequential look of a narrow mind and vulgar manners in prosperity, he had the dejected, disconsolate, pusillanimous appearance of a narrow mind and vulgar manners in adversity.

"Servant, Mr. Manage," (said the old man) "perhaps you mayn't remember me; I am very much changed. The toils and troubles of this world's come on me at last. I was as good a man a year ago as most in

our parish, but both things are bad indeed." He then entered into a very particular detail of his own affairs, and informed Manage how he had been deceived by Lady Mary Manhunt, and also defrauded. "A few days before, his bills for seven thousand pounds had been protested, and were now in the hands of Mr. Macmurdock and Mr. Belial Beelzebub, "two very civil gentlemen however, I must confess," said he. "I told them my difficulties; they bid me not mind a few days, as they were not pushed for the money till term-day, which is more than a fortnight off; and said that they would call some day in the beginning of next week, and would think of some plan that would ease me of my troubles." "Very accommodating gentleman," said Manage.—"But," said Mr. Dip, "what is this that you say about that willan Swearwell?"—"Is Mr. Swearwell a villain, Mr. Dip? you surprise me by saying so! you must be mistaken." Dip was about to detail particulars, when Manage very gravely

ly informed him, that all Mr. Alexander Douglas's affairs, and the whole extent of his property, was now fully known, "and I can now tell you, Mr. Dip!" said he; "that, as sure as Mr. Douglas is dead, the disposition is as Swearwell declared; but the amount is much more extensive than he conceived."—"Perhaps, then," said Dip, "among you, you may be able to relieve me."—"Why, it is possible that money may be advanced you, to prevent your being distressed on the occasion; but I wish much to see Swearwell, as I have various points of importance to talk over with him, before every thing can be properly and justly settled." Squire Dip having informed Mr. Manage of Swearwell's usual lodgings when in town, a messenger was dispatched with a note, which that worthy gentleman answered in about two hours with his own presence; but the particulars of the interview we shall reserve for the next chapter.

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CHAP

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witnesses to the will; there ought to be three to heritable property—there ought to be three—you understand me. A day or two makes no difference in bringing forward the will—but every thing should be right—a word to the wise—I leave that to yourself.” Swearwell, whose own villainy, added to a very scanty portion of brains, removed every suspicion that another might be an honest man, imagining he perfectly comprehended Mr. Manage, went to the door to see that nobody might be accidentally listening. Touching his nose by way of significance of secrecy, with a face of much exultation, he replied, “there are three witnesses. As I can trust in you, old Manage, Belial Beelzebub gave me a hint of that—a worthy fellow as ever breathed, Belial is—so I took the hint.”—“You know, Swearwell,” said Manage “we’ll take care that the Douglas property shall go the right way—we must be very explicit together, that we may know the best means, or the opposite party will be trying

ing to defeat our project—so we must know what each is about, that we may act accordingly. Are your witnesses sure?”

—“I hope they are,” said Swearwell;

“not but I am somewhat uneasy about one, who was wounded in a scuffle with young Douglas. Some of his emissaries were with him to day.”—“The sooner the will is brought forward the better, then,” said Manage.

“Let me see—this is Saturday.

Lodge it in Doctor’s Commons on Monday morning, and I shall to-morrow undertake to talk to the witness.”—“Well, Ma-

nage,” said Swearwell, “as you seem disposed to act so honestly and fairly, I shall act no less generous on my part. Mrs Dip younger must have her original ten thousand.

You shall have thirty, my boy; and t’other forty, as guardian for the young man,”

said he, winking, “I shall take care of myself. As to old Rhod. twenty or thirty pounds now and then when he is out of cash will keep him quiet enough. But, Manage, one thing I have forgot to mention. Let

us, as soon as every thing is properly decided, destroy all vouchers on both sides, for fear of any after-enquiries."

Manage then asked the particulars of the scuffle between Douglas and the person he had mentioned; and learned so much from Swearwell, who during the conference had been very free with the Madeira, as to be convinced that there would be no difficulty in proving Douglas's opponents to have been the aggressors, and also received some intimation of the original and principal prompter.

The next morning Manage called on Swearwell, and went with him to the lodgings of his wounded associate. On being admitted, Swearwell introduced Manage to the fellow as their best friend, and one that would join him in paying his dear Frank Finchley for all the trouble he had taken, and the injuries he had sustained, "What's his name? who is he?" said Finchley.—"Mr. Manage, of — Street, the great East India factor."—"What, Mr. Manage

nage the intimate friend of Pat Swearwell? From his general character I should expect very different connections."—Manage, somewhat struck by the man's address and language, looking attentively at him, thought he had seen his face before. Whispering Swearwell, that perhaps he could, when alone, succeed better in prevailing on him to do what he wanted, requested that personage to go for the present, and meet him afterwards in the course of the day, for the further consideration of the business. Mr. Manage being left alone with Finchley, opened the conversation by saying: "I am convinced I have seen you somewhere; and if I mistake not in a situation different from what I apprehend your present, or at least recent employment to be."—"I am no stranger to the character of Mr. Manage," replied the other, "though a total stranger to any circumstance from which I could conceive he would, without contradiction, have heard himself styled the intimate friend of that villain who has just left

left us. But, before I speak particularly of him, suffer me to say a few words of myself. I was formerly clerk to your friends and bankers Messrs. — “My name is Wallis.” — “Oh, I remember you now,” said Manage. “I am afraid you must also remember, sir, a defalcation in the cash account very much to my disgrace. The circumstances, however, in which that originated must be unknown to you. After having, by my conduct, earned and gained the confidence of my employers, I had the misfortune to contract an attachment for a young lady nearly related to Mrs. Bagnio, and intimately connected with the Countess of Falsedice. A connection commenced, and I for a time believed that the young lady had sacrificed her honour to her love. By her I was made acquainted with Mrs. Bagnio; and introduced to the Countess. In an evil hour, from the persuasions of the ladies, but contrary to my own judgment, I gave way to gaming; broke my trust by embezzling property; but from the mild-

ness

ness of my masters was suffered to escape. Believing my paramour to have fallen a victim to her affection, I never mentioned her name as the instrument of my misfortunes; but I have since learned that she was a mere demirep, employed by the gamblers to lure young men to their houses, and that the confidence understood to be reposed in me, had caused me to be tramped out for destruction, of which she was the instrument. From that time, deprived of my character and friends, I became a mere adventurer, sometimes supplying my wants by gambling fraud, and others by equally wicked and more criminal depredations; but my wound, which I have received in a very unwarrantable conspiracy, has called me to reflection on my past life, which the remonstrances of a sensible and pious clergyman, reinforced by the able and eloquent arguments of two young gentlemen, who have since yesterday morning repeatedly called on me, have powerfully tended to confirm. Permit me
again

astonished to express my surprise at seeing the resemblance of intercourse between yourself and that infamous villain, Swagwell, I acknowledge that, goaded by want, I have been his accomplice; but, reprobated and reprobate myself, for having been the agent of a fellow whom I despise for his ignorance and folly, as much as I detest him for his wickedness. But I shall no longer be his instrument in defrauding a worthy and respectable family of its just rights. I shall take guilt to myself, rather than suffer his guilt to be triumphant. You must have been imposed upon before you could have even suffered such a fellow to be in your company; and how your discernment can have been imposed upon by such stupidity, I am at a loss to conceive."

Before Manage would commit himself to a man who acknowledged himself to have been lately an accomplice in the greatest wickedness and criminality, though he professed himself now changed,

him minutely scrutinized the change to
 ascertaining its extent and the probability of
 its performance. He drew from him the
 arguments that had been raised by dissi-
 sidents, and found that the calistymans had
 strongly urged to him the immorality, and
 impiety of his late pursuits, and their ten-
 dency to bring him to disgrace in this
 life, and damnation in that which was to
 come. The cogency of these, Mr. Ma-
 mage discovered, had been greatest when
 the youth apprehended his danger to be
 greatest. By the time Sidney and Wilson
 had visited him, they both soon saw, that
 though he spoke of the other world, this
 was the uppermost in his mind. Sidney
 having discovered that he was a young
 man of good abilities, and considerable
 acquirements, drew a glowing and strong
 picture of the advantages which his talents
 might still produce him if restored to the
 right channel, and assured him, that the
 assistance of all the friends of the Dou-
 glas family, which was far from being un-
 important,

important, would be so employed in his service, if he would henceforward give his powers as wisely and beneficially as John Wilson, who, in his contemptuous expressions concerning the abilities of Swartz, well knew the consciousness of his own superiority to that person, and that he was piqued at being regarded as merely the instrument of such a man, by so far as his pride, and through that sentiment had been very successful in detaching him from his late connections. My name having discovered all this, as they sat together gave him to understand that the way had strangled on the part the other had acted respecting his certain will, that the consequences should entirely depend upon himself. Maria, (Miss Birchley) had acknowledged that she had, that seven or eight years, with the two young gentlemen, that called on the part of Mr. Douglas, some hints to his intentions; that they had proposed he should give an exact information of the real state of the case before Mr. Justice Pennington.

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and that the other witness concerned, Bob Bluster, could be easily intimidated to speak the truth. "I am happy to hear of your intentions, Mr. Wallis," said Mr. Manage; "but depend upon it, that should you not adhere to your resolutions, an evidence will be brought forward which will involve both you and the other accessory, for from you I understand there have only been two in the destruction I would wish to be confined to the principal only; and now, Sir, I understand you, and I believe you understand me. I trust in your penitence that you will proceed in the plan which you propose; and in your regard for your own safety, that you will have no farther communication with Swearwell."

About this time Sidney and Wilson arrived, and with them Justice Penitence. Wallis repeated the substance of what he had said to Manage, but in a more detailed form. Swearwell, he said, called one morning on him with a will to which he desired

desired his attestation, promising him fifty pounds for himself, and twenty for any other he should find. Being stripped of his last guinea at the Counters of False dice's, his poverty, caused by so prodigal means, had compelled him to consent, but not without a previous stipulation that Swearwell should sign the name of the pretended testator in their presence, that so, if he (Swearwell) wished at any time to play them a trick, they might have him in their power, as they could hang him as soon as the will was uttered. Mr. Penetrator, who thought it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, took down his information.

The next subject of enquiry was the quarrel with Douglas, concerning which he gave a very circumstantial account; declared Douglas to be completely innocent, Swearwell to have been the instigator, and, to the best of his belief, the agent of Lady Mary. The Justice being perfectly satisfied with his narrative, so

strongly attested, and so consonant to the characters of the various parties, proposed that that part of the business should be brought forward to-morrow, when, of course, after a short hearing, Douglas would be discharged.

Mr. Manag now met again with Swearwell, and said, "You will be sorry to hear that your acquaintance, Mr. Finchley, is far from being favourable, either respecting the will or the scuffle; his evidence in both cases will be of the most material importance to Mr. Douglas. To-morrow you are to meet in Bow-street, that you may support your declaration on oath, in consequence of which the bill was issued charging Douglas with a capital offence."—"By G-- then, I must provide some other witnesses," said Swearwell; "However, old Beelzebub will help me in a pinch. I wish to G-- I could get Finchley put out of the way, and Douglas too; for he will be a devil of a horn in our side, and as to Bow-street, I don't much

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like

like that place—the sound of it discom-
 poses my nerves; and that Pen-
 trate he's a shocking fellow to a witness
 who has a mind to stretch a point a little
 to serve a friend—he does dodge them so
 that they can't escape. I could have
 plenty of witnesses that could tell their
 tale cleverly enough if it was't for that
 d-d cross-questioning; and for ques-
 tioning and cross-questioning that bore
 Penetrate has not his equal. You may
 wind and double, and turn as oft as you
 choose; but he's so d-d sharp-scented
 he follows you through all your circum-
 bendibus, and claps his claws fast on your
 at last—"I admit," says Manager
 "he's a very sagacious and able magis-
 trate; but Mr Swearwell, you seem to
 have experienced his official ability."
 "I was once a witness before him, to
 oblige Mr. Beelzebub," said Swearwell;
 "and if faith to tell you the truth, he
 bore so hard upon me, that I was a little
 afraid of the consequences; but at last he

and remained for a time saying, "I have never might be his own satisfaction, there was no proof sufficient to justify a contempt; and he therefore dismissed the bidding. But he was now repeated again before him as a witness; and for his better grounded. He added something about the pillory which I did not think, but thought it as well to say nothing."

"A very prudent resolution," said Manage. "And I believe," said Swearwell, "it would be as well not to appear."

"I think, in my opinion," said Manage, "especially if you have no objection at Doctors Commons, then authenticity of the will; and such a rebellion as you might meet with from Mr. Penetrate might attack the ears of the Doctors; and rather impair the weight of your evidence there. I hope the Douglasses won't take any steps," said Swearwell, "to interfere with our proceedings to-morrow at the Commons."

"No," said Manage, "if they are to take steps, I the opener of the door will be the first to bring

that I think you cannot but plan
would be to let them know your inten-
tions as by this means they may appear
to-morrow, and be the less prepared to
ask disagreeable questions." "A good
thought," said Swanswell, "I shall send
my notes forth immediately." "Well,"
said Mudge, "write your letter; Douglas is
not to be effed." "This Swanswell ac-
cordingly did in the following terms."

ALBANY, N. Y. 1840.
MR. CHARLES DOUGLAS.

This comes to inform you, that the
will of the late Mr. Alexander Douglas,
now deceased, and in my possession, is
to-morrow to be lodged in Doctors'
Comments. If you have any curiosity to
read my intended ~~the boy to the~~
contents, you may read to the Queen's
Head at one o'clock, where you may in-
quire either for Mr. Belial Bethabab, or
your humble servant, as you like.
PATRICK SWANSWELL.
P. S. If you have anything to say
against my reputation, I desire you will then

bring forward, I shall be young man,
as I shall have plenty of the most credi-
table witnesses to bear attestation to my
character.

Delivering this epistle to Manage to
read, that gentleman declared himself
much pleased with the epistle, and espe-
cially with the postscript. I commended
you, said he, for taking pains to estab-
lish your character. You are provided
with plenty of witnesses, you say.

On yes? replied Swarwell, Lady
Mary, the Countess, Mrs. Bagnio, Bel-
zebub, and all my other friends are to
attend. The Countess declared this morn-
ing, that she was never so happy in her
life to find I was coming to such a for-
tune. They now parted.

Swarwell went to visit Lady Mary,
and these two worthy personages began to
mediate how Manage might be deprived
of his share of the spoils; at last they
concerted a project for the purpose which
they thought feasible enough. Swarwell
now threw out some hints respecting
marriage,

marriage, which were I not lost upon his
 - fair companion, at the still, she made no
 - doubt would give her admirer a
 plentiful stock of ready money, an as-
 - cendant which the lady very much wanted ;
 and her principles were so truly Godwin-
 - ian that she did not consider marriage
 in the smallest degree binding, or the
 - least restraint on any woman from following
 the impulse of her own inclinations. She
 - protested she loved her dear Swarnell
 beyond all men, and that her hand and
 - fortune were as much at his disposal as her
 love had been ever since she knew him.
 It was accordingly agreed that their
 - nuptials should speedily take place.
 The next day Douglas attended at Bow
 - Street ; and no one having appeared against
 him, he was presently discharged. At one
 o'clock he betook himself to the Queen's
 - Head, accompanied by Mr. Penetrate and
 by Mr. Gosport, an attorney well known
 both to Penetrate and Neville, and highly
 esteemed by them and others for his profes-
 - sional

sional character and ability, and his unsounded integrity. Mr. Penetrate, before he left the office, gave directions to some of the officers to be at a place he mentioned near Doctor's Commons.

Swearwell, who was at a window when Douglas and his companions arrived, was far from being pleased with the appearance of Mr. Penetrate. Our hero, having enquired for him, and hearing that he was with a large party above stairs, sent a note to him requesting one minute's conversation, before they entered upon business. Swearwell, who conceived that his antagonist might intend to propose a compromise, went to our hero; when Charles, accosting him in a solemn tone, said: "Mr. Swearwell, you have proceeded to a very great length in this business; still, however, it is in your power to recede, I do not wish to entangle you in a criminal act, of which the consequences are as destructive as your intention has been guilty. Destroy the will. I exhort you once to do

do this. If you produce it, the consequences no longer rest with me; they belong to the laws of your country." Sweatwell was not a little staggered, but recollecting himself, with an assumed frontery, which did not conceal the pale quivering of fear, "What, young man," said he, "do you intend to frighten me into a compromise, do you? but I am not a man to be bullied!" "Well, sir," replied Douglas, "my other friends are come, and I am ready to discuss the will with you; but, if you will guard your back, you will save me the trouble. I shall wait five minutes for your answer."

Sweatwell rejoined his worthy companions in great dismay, which he in vain attempted to conceal. "Good God!" said "Lady Mary," "Sweatwell! how bold a fellow as you frightened with squibs! Go firmly and steadily through the business!" "Can't you," said the Countess, "swear there is a conspiracy to intimidate you from asserting your own rights?" "To

To serve such a friend, said Lady Mary, "sure no one here will hesitate to do it upon oath whatever you require." Lady Mary judged perfectly right as to the principles of the company, but wrongly as to their prudence; as they were too cautious to incur the danger of perjury without a more certain prospect of gain; so that the proposal did not take effect.

A message now arrived from the Commons, desiring the attendance of the parties. Being come before Dr. Swearwell, seeing Mr. Manhunt with Pothey and Bluster, at first hoped that these were come to support his evidence; but, on perceiving their countenances totally averted from him, was not without fears.

The case was opened by Lady Mary Manhunt, who made a very eloquent panegyric on the virtues and accomplishments of Mr. Swearwell, and contrasted his character with that of Douglas, whom she declared to be a notorious scoundrel, that had been expelled the house of the Commons

of Evidence for gambling, frauds, "I am happy to hear the Countess is so fastidious," said the Doctor: "but what is that to our present purpose?"—"The character of two men giving a different account of the same thing," said Lady Mary, "is of consequence in establishing the credibility of their evidence."—"A very just remark," said the Doctor. "Well, sir," said Lady Mary, "won't you allow that Mr. Swearwell, a man of the strictest honour and veracity, and integrity, is much more deserving of belief than that Douglas, whom every one knows to be a liar, a cheat, and a swindler?"—"If your premises are established, madam, your conclusion is undoubtedly just," said the Doctor. Mr. Gossop, Douglas's attorney, now observed that, were the question respecting the character of Mr. Douglas, it was a matter of very short and easy establishment; but he would not contaminate its purity by so degrading and disgraceful a comparison; "but the question," said he,

"is

"is merely on a point of fact," Mr. Swearwell asserts, "that a paper, which he proposes to bring forwards, it will be Mr. Alexander Douglas." Mr. Charles Douglas, nephew to the said Mr. Alexander Douglas, son and representative of his absent brother General Douglas, on whom, failing a will, a great part of the property would devolve on proof of Mr. Alexander's death, denies the existence of such a will; and, when produced, will undertake to prove it a forgery."

"Insolent fellow!" said Lady Mary.

"Impudent liar!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Daring rascal!" cried Mrs. Bagnon.

"Ladies," said the Doctor, "I must insist on silence. Mr. Swearwell, you say you have a will of Mr. Alexander Douglas, and are come here to prove it. Produce the deed."

Mr. Swearwell, who whispered to Douglas,

"beware!" and then drew forward a bag full of papers, and handed over a single sheet of paper to the Doctor.

Swearwell,

"Swearwell, meantime, notwithstanding a good deal of trepidation, took out the paper and held it in his hand. "Do you offer me this paper," said the Doctor, "as the last will of Mr. Alexander Douglas?" "Yes," said Douglas, holding up his hand in a deprecating posture, "by which, though the will was affected, it did not deter him from answering, 'I do.'"

"Why this agitation?" said the Doctor: "I admonish you to be correct. It appears to me a very serious transaction."

"Nothing," but "bashfulness," said Swearwell, "and not being accustomed to such things."

"Now," said Douglas's attorney, "we are to understand that this paper is delivered as the last will of Mr. Douglas. I request the learned Doctor will have the goodness to peruse it."

The Doctor having read it, asked if the alleged testator was a man of education. To which receiving several answers in the affirmative,

affirmative; "I have seen," says the doctor, "I have forgot his latitude in the deed before me—'and that the said Mrs. Mary Douglas shall be guardian of the said child and appoint and constitute for the management of his affairs under her direction; her father, Charles Rhodopontade, Esq. of Bogues Place, and her cousin Mr. Patrick Swearwell, of whom I have heard a great character as the two most proper persons for administering the said affairs; both if God should please God to call on himself the said Messrs. Rhodopontade and Swearwell, that she shall appoint such others of the most competent that can be found for the said purpose"—I must confess and am surprised that Mrs. Douglas should dictate such a style. Bonaparte saw that the Doctor then recited several other passages in a similar strain of composition—"Although not very elegantly expressed," said he, "there is nothing informal in the deed of the young Mr. Swearwell; and this is Mr. Douglas's usual writing;—I say, 'I do,

ness to do, said she replied. "Swear well, and I will
 bss! Do you, Mr. Charles Douglas, admit
 that Mr. C. is Mr. Alexander—Douglas's
 handwriting?" To neither of these questions
 —"I do not," said the others; and he asserted
 that it is a rank forgery, and to be made
 for that is a very serious charge, O young
 gentleman, said the Doctor, "it is a charge
 affecting the life of an individual, how is it
 —"I do not know the person," said
 Charles, "and wish not to be forced to
 establish its truth. Before coming into
 your presence, I represented that person
 the slipper on which he stood. It
 increased him to assist, but he would not
 severe. I am not a person who would
 —"Mary becoming a little abstracted
 rous, was again silenced.
 —"I do not see how you establish your asser-
 tion," said the Doctor.
 —"I said," said Douglas, "by a com-
 parison of the signature. Secondly, from
 the evidence of Mr. Mudge, both to the
 signature of Mr. Douglas, and to the
 ob. I"

proposals

proposals made by Sweetwell to him, to join in the villainy, and share the profits; thirdly, from the testimony of two persons, who saw the forgery committed; and fourthly, from the testimony of another evidence, that I shall produce in court."

Two gentlemen belonging to the East-India-House, in consequence of a message from Douglas, attended, and having examined the alleged signature of Mr. Alexander Douglas, declared, that the handwriting was not without a resemblance to his, but that it was not his. One of them, with great accuracy, stated the difference from a comparison between that in question and letters which they showed from the alleged testator.

Mr. Manage with great clearness and accuracy attested the same position. He had been for many years, he said, the agent and confidential correspondent of Mr. Douglas, and was not unacquainted with his sentiments respecting his different connections.

tion. He produced a letter of a dated date than the supposed will, stating a disposition that he had made, by which the bulk of his fortune was bequeathed to General Douglas, with legacies to his other relations. He positively swore that the paper in question was a forgery.

The next step," said the lawyer, "is to prove by whom it was actually forged."

"No," said the Doctor, "you mean to charge any person with felony, this is not the place, Mr. Gosport."

Gosport answered, with much acuteness, "Our object now, in proving by whom it was actually forged, is not criminal but ecclesiastical; not a prosecution for felony, but the invalidation of a pretended will; and, therefore, with all deference, I beg leave to represent, that it belongs to the learned Doctor's cognizance."

The Doctor having admitted this view of the subject, desired Mr. Gosport to proceed.

"There

There are three witnesses, said Mr. Gosport, "whose evidence against you may appear to clinch the matter: but object to them, however, and remove as the Attorney-General has agreed that they, the accessories, shall be guilty of the same evidence in the trial of the principal for forgery."—"Villains!" said Lady Mary Mankin, "we are going to starve away an innocent man's life!" The Doctor informed her Ladyship that the new corruption from the goods certainly compel him to order her to withdraw. Pinchley, after many expressions of the sincerest penitence for his own bad courses, delivered a very clear, exact, and circumstantial account of the forgery, declaring he himself had signed two hundred witnesses, and Blaster the clerk did was a confirmation of this assertion; he took a sheet of paper, and wrote the two names of the alleged witnesses to the will, which were compared with those on the will itself.

were

were found to be precisely the same stand-
 ards. "conclusive evidence" "Report of Mr.
 Boston, who had been at the first trial
 great approbations, receiving the con-
 clusion of Franchet to receive approbations
 went through his testimony to a similar
 effect, in establishing its truth by the same
 evidence. "I am ill" "I am ill" "I am ill"
 The learned Doctor now, addressing the
 parties, said, that the business appeared so
 very clear and unequivocal to him, that he
 thought it unnecessary to go any farther; he
 could not admit this to be the will of Mr.
 Alexander Douglas; he wished however to
 hear what Swarcwell had to say in his de-
 fence of the paper which he brought as a
 will for a probate. Swarcwell asserted that it was a conspir-
 acy of the friends of Charles Douglas
 to take away his life, in order to get a prom-
 pty that did not belong to them, to be
 divided among themselves. Lady Mary
 Mathew said, she was ready to swear, that
 a plan had been made to her self with
 an

an offer of one fourth of the whole, if she would come forward with a false testimony that this was a forgery; that even yesterday, Wilson and Sidney, the intimate friends of Mr. Douglas, had been repeatedly at Lady Mary's, endeavouring to influence her to so wicked a purpose; and that Douglas himself had spent a great part of the last evening in endeavouring to produce the same effect.

Lady Mary having quickness of apprehension enough to perceive her lover's design, without sufficient comprehensive sagacity to enable her to see its futility and folly, very readily testified what he suggested.

Mr. Penetrate then coming forward, said he was sorry to contradict the noble Lady; but that during the whole of the afternoon and evening he was in company with Mr. Douglas in a totally different part of the town; and that he must be so uncomplaisant as to say, that Mr. Douglas neither was nor could be in company with
Lady

~~Somebody~~ "unless, indeed," said the ~~magistrate~~, "he has the privilege of being ~~in two~~ places at once." "but," continued he, "there is another witness that has not yet appeared, whose evidence will be more material than any that has yet been heard. Mr. Neville, I think the gentleman I mean may now be admitted."

Mr. Neville perfectly concurring, Gouport went in quest of him to an appointed place in the neighbourhood. He soon returned, followed by an East-India Director, well known to the Doctor, and by another gentleman, whom the Director, taking by the hand, and accosting the Doctor, said, "Permit me, Sir, to introduce to you, a very old friend of mine, whom I have known from the first ~~contact of~~ both in the East-India service; with whom I have been on the most intimate footing during the many years we were together in India, and maintained a constant correspondence since I have re-

Douglas, elder brother to General Douglas, and uncle to this young gentleman; as Mrs. Alexander Douglas said, the Doctor, in view of his grand physician, said, "I find," said Mr. Douglas, "I am much obliged to this worthy person for his goodness in taking charge of my effects after my decease; however, he shall experience my gratitude."

Swearwell, who was little disposed to hear these compliments, was moving towards the door, when the voice of Mr. Benetrate calling "Officers!" summoned three men, who obstructed his intended departure.

Lady Mary, seeing that fortune had abandoned her lover, thought it high that she should abandon him also. She accordingly made her exit with the Countess and Mrs. Baglio, and spent the day with those worthy ladies chiefly in discussion on the probable catastrophe of

Swearwell's

"I am not a doctor, and I am not a lawyer, and I am not a
 judge, and I am not a magistrate, and I am not a
 clerk, and I am not a messenger, and I am not a
 completely bungled so very promising
 person. If I had, I could have managed
 her, she said, she would have
 taken care to have him 'completely
 under her power, that they would have
 secured the property, and then Mr
 Douglas might have returned, when he
 chose, to retain his fortune."
 Mr. Beechub, seeing the turn
 affairs had taken, expressed his abhor-
 rence of the villain by whom he had been so
 completely imposed upon. "Why," Mr.
 Beechub said, "Mr. Managoff is the
 imposition practised upon you, fully
 known to extent. Pray, Mr. Penitence,
 under what head of criminal law does
 subornation of perjury stand?—if I
 perfectly comprehend your meaning,"
 said Penitence, "but there is no such
 term in law. I should apprehend that any
 one counselling forgery, or other felony

would be considered as an accessory before the fact, a species of guilt which, if established, subjects the perpetrator to the same punishment as the principal."—

"Mr. Manage," said Beelzebub, "to affix a name of character, and will not suffer my name to be traduced. I defy you or any man to affix guilt to me. My name is well known and established. I have lived upwards of fifty years in the world."

"A fortunate man you are," said Mr. Manage, "when there are sessions at the Old Bailey four times a year."—"Sir," said Beelzebub, "a character, let me tell you, is a very ticklish thing."—"Some may be so at the outset," said Manage, "but become quite callous at the end. I shall say nothing more, however, at present, on your character, as you call it: intending, in a few days, to enter into a very full discussion of its merits, and prepare to ascertain them to the public satisfaction." Beelzebub left the company, and went home to ruminate on what he had seen and heard.

CHAP. XIII.

Result of the General Conclusion of the History,
and a parting view of the more prominent char-
acters.

MR. Neville had not fully communi-
cated all the recent events to Mrs. Doug-
las. He had contented himself with
telling her in general there was no ground
for any apprehension respecting her son,
and that matters were on the eve of being
fully settled as to her brother-in-law's for-
tune, in the way most beneficial to the in-
terests of her family. Meanwhile he had
requested her and her daughter, Mrs.
Goodwill and Isabella, to meet their
friends at his house that day to dinner.

From Doctors' Commons our party set
off for Mr. Neville's. The first person
that, springing from the coach, ran into the
apartment where Mrs. Douglas was, was

Charles! Eagerly embracing his mother and sister, he told them the villainy was all discovered; now, however, turning to Isabella, his sweetest angel, said he, "Providence sanctions an union which love so long deferred. We wait only for the arrival of my beloved father. Then," said a voice, the sound of which thrilled the heart of Charles, "your time of probation is expired, which he found him- self at his father's arms. Mr. Manage had that morning received a letter from the General from Portsmouth, requesting him to communicate his arrival to his wife, whom he should see in two hours after the communication was made. Manage not being able to attend himself, had requested Dudley and Wilson to undertake the task, and one of them, if possible, to see the General before he came to his own house, and give him a short account of what had happened, and to desire he would defer mentioning the particulars to his Lady until

all

all was finally arranged, all which had been effected.

After the father and son had expressed with the utmost fervency, the pride and pleasure which they took in each other, the General turned the conversation on his brother Alexander, testifying for himself, and he was assured he said, he might add all his family, that they would have received infinitely more satisfaction were accounts to arrive of his being still in life, than from all the emolument that would accrue to them from his death. To this Mrs. Douglas was the first that answered, but not without the interruption of many tears, expressing her very high admiration for the character of her brother-in-law, recapitulating many acts of his goodness, and especially of his affection for his brother, and strongly describing the joys she should have had in pouring out her thanks to the best and dearest friend of her husband, "but this is now forever impossible," said she.

The General, after some pause, requested her company into another apartment. There, after a proper and judicious introduction, he opened to her the whole circumstances as they really stood. Having gone in quest of his brother, after a very pathetic but short interview, he returned and presented him to Mrs. Douglas. Douglas and Louisa were soon called to join the interesting group. After the first transports were over, Alexander, falling on his knees, poured out his thankfulness to the great dispenser of all bounty, for the happiness which he now enjoyed, and invoked the blessings of heaven on his brother, his brother's wife, and their accomplished children.

When this delighted party were restored to such composure as to be fit for rejoicing the company, they were informed dinner waited their presence. At table, Mr. Manage and Mr. Neville informed the General of all that had passed at Doctors' Commons, and of the various

machi-

machinations of Swearwell and his troop, that were now brought to light. Not long after dinner our hero requested Mr. Neville's permission to propose a toast. This being instantly accorded, he pronounced, "Mr. Douglas, of Tay Bank!" The company stared; even Isabella was surprised.—"What, Charles," said the General, "I did not expect you would have proposed a boy, whose title to the name he bears and fortune he enjoys is so very doubtful."—"The gentleman's title, Sir," said Charles, "whom I have proposed, to either the name or fortune is not doubtful; and here he sits, taking his uncle by the hand." "This letter will explain the mystery."—The General hastily opened it, saw it was from Wiseman, and contained the news of the death, as the writer expressed it, of Mrs. James Douglas's son, whose likeness to Swearwell, Mr. Wiseman added, growing every day more perceptible, made him, he con-

started, rejoicing at the event which he was
 announcing. Then said the General, "A base slip
 of the Blodmontides will not be grafted
 on this noble stock of Douglas and Alex-
 ander. I rejoice that if you our house is
 dignified by a worthy representative." After
 the company had expressed their
 satisfaction at that event, Mr. Douglas
 said the General bestowed many encomi-
 ums on the part which Mr. Devereux had
 taken. It was deliberated along with him
 what steps should be taken respecting
 Samuel, and determined that the duty
 of the parties to society required they
 should carry on the prosecution, the
 course of which would besides, it was not
 doubted, discover other villainies, which
 it imported individuals and the public to
 know. Having spent the evening with
 that solid enjoyment that never fails to
 attend a company of which all the parties
 are pleased with each other, they at a
 late hour broke up. Mr. Alexander Doug-
 las

was went to his brother's house, where
 there was an apartment prepared for him.
 The next day Mr. Alexander Douglas
 had a long conversation with his brother
 and his lady, concerning their children,
 and both the gentlemen were fully in-
 formed concerning the mutual attachment
 of Charles and Isabella, and also of Sid-
 ney and Louise. Sidney, Mrs. Douglas
 said, had, through some juvenile indiscre-
 tions, incurred the displeasure of an uncle,
 and she was happy to understand that, in consequence
 of a change in the young man's conduct,
 his opinion was becoming more favour-
 able. Sidney, said Mr. Douglas, tells
 that the uncle's name is — what country
 is he from? — Of Berkshire. Do
 you know if ever he was in India? —
 Yes, I have often heard his nephew say
 he was. — Remember Frank Sidney well
 enough; he was no saint himself — a clever
 fellow! — I always said, that after he had
 sown his wild oats he might turn out a very

"However, if it be he,
 "and his opinion is, he ought to make a
 "show of it for youth; as the young man
 "is well inclined, of his error
 "Charles tells us he is. Indeed, his
 "greatest error was the adoption of jacob-
 "inical principles in politics, religion, and
 "morals; and that was what chiefly dis-
 "pleased his uncle. These I am convinced,
 "after representing great inconvenience from
 "their adoption, he has now thoroughly re-
 "nounced; and indeed Charles, who knows
 "him better than any one, is entirely of
 "the same opinion. He is a youth of
 "very prepossessing appearance, and of
 "very able and engaging conversation. I
 "must contrive to see old Sidney.

Mrs. Douglas now turned the discourse
 to Isabella; and the General said she was
 a most intelligent and amiable girl, the
 daughter of most worthy but not opulent
 parents; but that no doubt the situation
 and prospects of his son might justify
 much higher views in the way of riches
 and

and ambition. "Did you not marry her
 and ambition when you married me?"
 said Mrs. Douglas: "You married the
 daughter of worthy parents, whose you
 loved, why may not your son marry the
 daughter of worthy parents whom he
 loves?" "That is an argument of a
 woman," said Mr. Alexander Douglas,
 smiling. "Though such arguments,"
 said the General, "are not always logically
 conclusive, yet I am not prepared to con-
 trovert them in this case. One moment
 I must add myself to the side which my
 wife takes; for I see," said he, patting her
 cheek, "her mind's made up. My argu-
 ment is, I, from love, married Emily Long-
 head, and every hour since have had rea-
 son to bless the connexion I formed; if
 my son marry Isabella Wilson, who is far
 from being unlike what my Emily then
 was, I trust he will have every reason for
 blessing the connexion he shall have formed.
 I trust my brother's sanction will not be
 wanting." — "The young dog," said
 Alexander,

Admiral's Char saved my life, but I am
 very glad therefore that some of his
 happy lot on this subject I have a word
 or two to say to himself, which he only
 made him. Meanwhile I was making some
 enquiry about old Sidney. My niece,
 Louisa, is a lovely girl. I wish her to be
 happy as well as her brother.

They were now informed by the General's
 own servant, that a strange looking
 man, calling himself Mr. Dp, wanted to
 be admitted. The General having some
 information who he was, and Mr. A. Doug-
 las having heard farther from Mr. Ma-
 nage of the predicaments in which he stood,
 they were curious to know what he had to
 say. Being introduced, he, without any
 ceremony or preface, began:—"So,
 which of you two is the nabob? about
 who was all that firm-flam of being dead?
 Egad! it's been a sad firm-flam to me. It
 was worth fifteen hundred a year clear,
 and now I haven't more than the fourth
 part of it." "If you mean," said the

General,

General. "Mr. Alexander Douglas is the gentleman," said Sir, continued Dip. "you are not dead, and the legacy is all a hum!" He then entered into a detail of all his grievances, particularly the last seven thousand pounds, and informed him that Messrs Macmurdoch and Baskinzebub, the holders, had that morning proposed to him a scheme for making over his estate, in trust to them, and that he should be allowed a small annuity, upon his leaving and selling a part of the land; the money should be paid off "I promise you," said he, "to sell some at present; but they said as how there was no getting more than fifteen years purchase; but I am sure that must be under the mark."—"How much is your estate in all?" said Mr. Douglas. "Seven hundred and fifty pounds a year."—"How much are you now pressed for?"—"Not more than seven thousand pounds."—"Where is your estate situated?"—"Partly in Middlesex, partly in Yorkshire."

shire."—"Well," said Mr. Douglas, "I have no objections to advance you the money you want upon a mortgage; and afterwards, if the condition and situation of any of your lands please me, I shall offer you a fair price, which will be more than half as much again as fifteen years purchase. I suspect this Mr. Macmurdoch, of whom I know nothing, and Mr. Beelzebub, of whom I have heard something, not much to his advantage, are a couple of consummate rascals, who want to take advantage of your necessities. Have the writings ready as expeditiously as possible, and you shall be rescued from their clutches."—"I am extremely obliged to you, Sir," said Dip; "you are a better friend to me now that you are alive than if you had been dead; for they'd have choused me out of it. But there's another thing that troubles me. I am told, for sartin, as how my wife has been too gracious with that villain Swearwell, and also my daughter-in-law, so rampa-

gious

gious he is."—"I am sorry," said Mr. Douglas, "that is an affair in which we can give you no assistance." Dip departed.

Mr. Manage now arriving to pay his respects, informed them that Mr. Swearwell was safe arrived in Newgate, and that Mr. Belial Beelzebub was about to follow him on two counts; the first a charge of counselling the forgery, which he was afraid could not be satisfactorily established, as he had conducted himself with such art; the second for a subornation of perjury, at the instance of the Countess of Falsedice and Lady Mary Manhunt, to screen a gaming fraud which would be satisfactorily established, "and perhaps," said he, "their ladyships may be exalted to the pillory, which they have so strenuously laboured to grace, although hitherto without attaining the merited distinction." That day General Lighthorse and his family dined at General Douglas's. Mr. Dashaway was of the party, as the future husband of Miss who paid her Indian uncle

uncle a great deal of attention, in hopes, through him, of adding to her own pin-money. The old gentleman, however, though sufficiently attentive to her, was not diverted, by her importunity, from bestowing most of his conversation on Isabella, next to whom he studiously seated himself, and who, encouraged by his engaging affability, conversed with great ease and impressive interest, and quite won the old gentleman's affections. In the drawing-room he resumed his station next to her, and was so much captivated by her beauty, intelligence, and manners, that he told her he should certainly have commenced her lover, if he had not known there was a rival in the case that would be very formidable to almost any young man, much more to an old one: "My nephew, Charles," said he, "is a very handsome, graceful, noble youth; don't you think so, Miss Wilson?"—"He is thought so, Sir," said she. "But," said Mr. Douglas, "graceful and noble as he

he is, I must dispute his pretensions to the heart of one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld. Charles, this young lady has an assignation with me in my own apartment to-morrow at nine o'clock. I declare myself your rival. We must there contest the superiority, and she shall be the judge to whom the plan is due. Be both punctual.

The next morning accordingly Isabella was preparing to wait on the old gentleman, when she received a note from him, begging to see her some minutes before the appointed hour. Having immediately complied with his request, he put a paper into her hand, containing a draft at sight on Mr. Manage for five thousand pounds, as a small portion to bestow on the man of her choice. Charles soon made one of the company. "You see," said the old gentleman, "I have the best chance with this young lady, for I have had a *tête-à-tête* with her before your arrival. But let us be serious. My dearest nephew, and
brave

brave fighter, and my charming young lady, I understand you both regard each other with the purest and most ardent affection. Your choice does each of you honour. You deserve one another. My brother and sister will be presently here to express their delighted approbation on the part of Charles. Mr. Wilson has promised to favour us with his company, and your absent mother, Miss Wilson, will I dare say not object to your determination, should it be in favour of my nephew." — Charles told his uncle. Mr. Wilson was already in the house. The General, Mrs. Douglas, and he, soon arrived, and with great joy concurred in the old gentleman's proposals. As they were departing for the breakfast-room, his uncle taking Douglas aside, put a paper in his hand, bidding him look over it at his leisure. At breakfast they were joined by Louis and Sidney. The old gentleman, having learned that Sidney's uncle was in town, mentioned his former acquaintance with

that

gentleman, and declared his purpose immediately offering to renew the course, and as soon as the repast was finished, set out with that intention. After some hours absence, he returned, and found Sidney very anxious to know the result of an interview, of which he easily conjectured the object.

"I found, Mr. Sidney," said Mr. Douglas, "that I was perfectly right in my opinion, that your uncle was my old comrade, and we were extremely happy to renew our acquaintance. After talking over our old stories, I, at length, proceeded to business, and introduced your name. 'He has been a sad dog,' said your uncle, 'but I believe he is considerably reformed; he has been very much indebted to a young friend of your's, a most excellent young man, with whom I have lately become acquainted, who has removed several of the impressions I entertained concerning Sidney, and almost convinced me that he will still turn out a credit to the family.' When

young

young friend of mine is that I, your nephew Douglas, having been
 told that Douglas attended at the
 uncle?" said Sidney.
 "Why, yes, and an important acquaintance
 for you," said Mr. Douglas, "I
 found young Douglas had done so much
 much for you, that old Douglas had little
 left to do for you. I saw a name
 "Noble-minded Charles!" I apostro-
 phized Sidney, "this is perfectly in your
 own style. To conceal the most benevolent
 actions until they are known by the most
 beneficial effects. I must go immediately
 in search of my dear friend to pour my
 thanks into his bosom. You must let that alone," said Mr.
 Douglas, "and for the present, go and see
 your dear uncle, who expects you im-
 mediately. After you have settled your own
 private affairs together, perhaps you may
 prevail on him to come and spend the
 evening here." "William has been very
 kind," said Douglas.

Mr. Douglass, after making his acquaintance, and having ascertained his industry and talents, thought his uncle for the very liberal settlement, which the paper delivered to him in the morning contained, was interrogated concerning his acquaintance with old Mr. Sidney. He confessed, that he studiously allured himself, in that gentleman's way, in the hopes of prothotting the interests of his friend.

At this point, old Mr. Douglas, posting himself between Isabella and Louise, telling the latter, that she must take up with an old bean, as he had deprived her for some hours of her young one. Isabella blushed at this remark. The kind attentions of her uncle, and his assurances, that uncle Sidney was perfectly reconciled to his nephew, and would be to his intentions and views, when fully explained, removed the anxiety and uneasiness, under which she had long laboured, and her natural vivacity, sense, and brilliancy, fully displayed themselves.

In

In the evening, Sidney and his uncle joined them. The uncle, after paying his compliments to Mrs. Douglas, was, at his particular request, introduced to Miss Douglas, and no less engaged by her charms and accomplishments, than Mr. Douglas had been the evening before, by those of Isabella. Having passed several very agreeable hours, it was fixed, that the next day the Sidneys and Douglas should meet upon business.

The interview accordingly took place. All pecuniary concerns were arranged, and the following Monday appointed, for bestowing the hands of our heroine and Louisa on those who had so long possessed their hearts. Dashaway being apprised of this resolution, proposed that he and his innamorata should be united on the same occasion. Miss Lighthorse represented his proposition as too precipitate; but her objections were easily over-ruled.

Time seemed to our gentlemen to creep; and perhaps to our ladies, not to amble
quick,

quick, but at last it came to its journey's end. How the brides were dressed, whether in muslin or silk, it has not been our business to enquire. Neither have we learned whether the breeches of the bridegrooms were of silk or satin. All we have heard was, that Isabella was beautiful, interesting, and charming; Louisa, sweet, elegant, and engaging; and Miss Lighthorse extremely smart; that Charles was chiefly praised for the expressive intelligence, dignified benevolence, striking and charming features of his fine countenance; the graceful yet forcible proportions of his harmonious figure, his majestic height and air; Sidney, for his delicate and captivating face, figure, and deportment; and that Dashaway was chiefly noticed for his pied ponies and his new carriage. To amuse and divert the imaginations of the lovers in so tantalizing a condition, short country excursions were proposed. Mr. and Mrs. Dashaway set off for their villa in Hertfordshire. A

house was taken on the edge of Windsor
 Forest for the two other couples. Here,
 though generally the sternest and
 mirror of the beauties and grandeur of
 Windsor, now passed the beautiful lawn
 and woods, and streams, and the com-
 manding battlements, without admiring
 that there were such objects in exist-
 ence. At two o'clock they arrived at
 their journey's end. A Charles, however,
 must be seven, Isabella, declaring she did
 not think it was past six. The sun ap-
 peared that day to drive his horses more
 slowly than on the day preceding the assign-
 nation between Pyramus and Thisbe, or
 even than the north mail coach in the
 boggy roads near Dartington, drawn by
 four quadrupeds, styled by the landlord,
 horses, and which have the singular faculty
 of subsisting without hay or oats, but as
 the coach in time arrives at Northallerton,
 so does the sun at last come to his iden-
 tified stage on the west road. A splendid

to a splendid entertainment had been prepared, to which the rest of the party did ample justice, but our two guests were not Mr. Douglas and the General, though temperate, about, on particular occasions, with a hearty glass, an enjoyment much to the mind of old Sidney, and a little to that of the worthy clergyman, who had married the lovers, and was invited to partake of the nuptial feast. About eleven at night the ladies withdrew, the brides, with blushing and downcast looks, which increased the fascination on their respective parents. Old Sidney, who was himself more than half-seas-over, was very eager to make his nephew pledge him in bumpers to the bride. "D— me, Jack," said he, "you ought to drink, in order to show your affection to my young niece." Sidney, conceiving that not to be the most agreeable and acceptable mode of testifying his love, on finding the old gentleman engaged in an earnest conversation with Mr. Douglas about the age of a pipe of Madeira,

deira, took an opportunity of stealing off. Our hero about the same time escaped the grasp of the parson, who had been holding him fast by the burton, while he delivered to him a circumstantial account of the difficulty of collecting small tythes. Hurrying away, and springing up stairs, two minutes brought him to the arms of the beautiful, virtuous, lovely, and beloved Isabella.

HAVING spent several days in this sweet retirement, the party returned to town. Mr. Douglas, with a view to the approaching winter, prepared for his journey by setting the affairs which he deemed the most urgent. Being informed of the birth and character of Dudley, he bestowed on him a very handsome present, to which General Douglas made a considerable addition. He gave also sums of money to the children of General Lightstone, and Sir Henry the Earl of what he had promised his uncle as a portion with Louisa, and made a

Our hero about the same time escaped the grasp of the parson, who had been holding him fast by the button while he delivered to him a circumstantial account of

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the difficulty of collecting small tithes. Hurrying away, and swinging up stairs, two minutes brought him to the arms of the beautiful, virtuous, lovely, and beloved Isabella.

HAVING spent several days in this sweet retirement, the party returned to town. Mr. Douglas, desirous of visiting Tay Bank, before the commencement of the approaching winter, prepared for his journey, by settling the affairs which he deemed the most urgent. Being informed of the birth and character of Dudley, he bestowed on him a very handsome present, to which General Douglas made a considerable addition. He gave also sums of money to the children of General Lighthouse; paid Sidney the debt of what he had promised his uncle as a portion with Louisa; and made a

new will, the same in general principle with that which he had formerly made, but different in particular details. He amply rewarded Mr. Manager for his faithful discharge of his duty to his employer, and his strenuous exertions in behalf of his employer's dearest friends. Agreeable to his promise, he advanced money to Mr. Dip, by which that person was enabled to take up his bills without loss or distress. He also took opportunities of expressing his gratitude to Mr. Neville for his benevolent goodness to the General's family. The sessions coming on at the Old Bailey, evidence to the forgery was necessary. As it was so direct, strong, and positive, and hardly any defence made but mere denial, with two or three attempts at perjury, to which the Court paid no regard, Swearwell was convicted and sentenced. The new-married couples having both expressed a desire to accompany the gentleman, the General and Mrs. Douglas,

late to Scotland, old Sidney proposed to be one of the travellers. Making make-
 six stages, they the third day arrived at
 York and the next Mr Douglas having
 in company with a surveyor, examined
 Dipland property in that neighbourhood
 wrote to Mr. Manage to offer him twenty
 five years purchase which, as the amount
 was about three hundred and fifty pounds a year
 was about twelve hundred guineas more
 than the mortgage. In three days more
 they arrived at Edinburgh and there met
 with Mrs. General Douglas's brother, the
 only son of Mr. Longhead, many years
 younger than his sister. He was a coun-
 sellor at law, rising high in professional
 and general reputation, and then just
 married to a most accomplished, charm-
 ing and worthy young lady, of a consi-
 derable fortune. By these they were en-
 tertained with the most kind and elegant
 hospitality while they continued in the
 capital. During their stay, they were
 joined by Mrs. Wilson, who was not

- says, still extremely happy and scholar
 - daughter the wife of Douglas. That lady
 - accompanied them to Tay Bank, where
 - Mr. Alexander Douglas took possession of
 - the estate and mansion of his forefathers.
 - Their first guest was the able Mr. Wille-
 - son, with his daughter and only child,
 - who had been the intimate friend of both
 - Mrs. Douglas, Jun. and Mrs. Sidney, in
 - their girlhood years.
 - Douglas and his wife almost immediately
 - set off for the mansion of his venerated
 - grandfathers, but the report of the in-
 - rival having reached the old sages, he met
 - them on the road, and insisted on pro-
 - ceeding to Tay Bank, that he might once
 - more see the home of his old friend, free
 - from the connections of Iscoundrels.
 - They were soon after visited by a polite,
 - amiable, and worthy gentleman, representa-
 - tive of a very ancient and respectable
 - family, and proprietor of the considerable
 - estate in the same neighbourhood;
 - this being spent many years in the East
 - Indies,

They had just returned to take possession of the house and estate of the forefathers. They spent several weeks in the interchange of hospitality and kindness with their neighbors and friends, until the whitened summit of the venerable Barragan admonished them to "begin a new life in their new country." During their stay at Tay Bank, General Douglas understanding that an estate in the same country was offered to sale, purchased it, partly for himself and partly for his son. About the same time, very humble letters arrived from the exiled lady and his daughter, Mrs. Dwyer, entreating the intercession of the Douglas family to procure a mitigation of Swazwell's punishment. The ladies of the party might have listened to the application, though compliance would be contrary to their own judgments. But they were aware that all intercession would be unavailable, it being so totally inconsistent with the wise policy of a commercial empire.

tion to pardon a crime that strikes at the
root of all mercantile credit.

Mr. Douglas having determined to make
Tay Bank his summer residence, gave di-
rections for repairing the house, increas-
ing and beautifying the gardens and park.
The succeeding summer they made one
family at the newly purchased estate of
General Douglas, who afterwards at Tay
Bank.

Douglas, though independent in fortune,
determined to persevere in general litera-
ture, as well as the study of the law, hav-
ing sanguine hopes of procuring a seat in
parliament, but, with regard to the most
probable prospect of fully enjoying
the happiness in his actual possession, has
the blessings of an ample fortune, in the
conversation of the most valuable rela-
tions, friends, and parents, and in the
discourse and endearments of a most ten-
der and affectionate wife becoming dearer
and dearer to him as his knowledge of her
excellencies increase.

Sidney

Sidney and his wife enjoy the most harmony and happiness, and for some time lived on a good but secondary estate of their uncle. They have lately in consequence of the death of the old gentleman taken possession of the mansion house and the whole of his fortune, to which two young ladies have also ready appeared. Taught by experience of distress and affluence, discontent and satisfaction, misery and happiness, the different effects of vice, disloyalty and impiety, and of virtue, loyalty and religion, the vigorous and brilliant genius of Sidney is now employed in promoting private and public good as far as his power and influence extend.

Dr. Grecian has lately made a great addition to his before distinguished literary character, by a work which naturalizes in English literature the most illustrious ancient monuments of moral and political philosophy. While verbal pedants employ themselves in investigating Greek sounds,

considerable and profound writer, investigator and explainer to British traders, Goshawk and the like. The latter is the philosopher who has their respect and admiration for the former being preferred by the votaries of the one, and the latter by the votaries of the other. The latter is employed on a tedious work of great extent and importance, which employs his vigorous and comprehensive genius to much more advantage than the tedious and confined performances which share frequently occupied his time.

Steadily pursuing his literary career, Wisdom is fast attaining distinction, and acquiring emolument. He finds that book-sellers are by no means so covetous of inferior authors as is reported; but that, like other merchants, they pay handsomely for commodities which produce a good return, if it does not fall in with their plan to give high prices for drugs. He of late has paid great attention to the daughter of Mr.

Wiseman,

Wiseman,

Miss Manly, who appeared sensible of this attachment, and who had confessedly passed that ill-remembered Harriette's time as her sister-in-law, and took up the mantle which she had relinquished, and which had been her portion. Dudley has arrived at great eminence in his profession; is already a lieutenant-colonel, in great favour with his inferiors, equals, and superiors in command, from the private soldier to the Royal General. Next to Douglas and Sidney, he occupies the first place in the affection of the Douglas's family, and is by Mr. Neville declared to be his heir. Mr. Neville continues the intimate friend of our hero, and spends much of his time at his house. Dashaway and his Lady lived in every gay and fashionable style, the giving the most splendid musical parties, and the having purchased a very expensive stock of horses, they soon made away with the ready money left by the Squire's grandfather, which was very considerable. The estate, however,

however, warned by that provident old gentleman, so assured, that the part of them can be affected by the extravagance of his present representative except the timber which is now fast metamorphosing into card-purses, grooms, and race-horses, and bearing testimony to the blessed fruits of an education at Brookes's under the direction of the great radical reformer.

Mr. Manago has purchased an estate in the country, where he meant to have spent the remainder of his life, and to have retired from business; but his habits, of industry and application were so strong, that he found a life of leisure totally unsuitable to him, and, after passing a few weeks in the year at his villa, has returned to his desk.

Poor old Dip, guided by the advice of Mr. Manago, has disposed of so much of his estate as to leave the rest unincumbered. Another incumbrance he has also got rid of in his wife, of whose sturdiness the proof was so flagrant that he easily procured

cured blindness, and had now been obliged
to content herself with a small annuity.
Dipheastily registers the virtues of the
business and commoned gentlemen.

His going having so thoroughly finished
his fortune in England, he goes to the
Continent, where he can make himself
the inhabitant of a place. He offered his
services to government, to procure in-
telligence from the enemy as to the
plans, not laying great stress on the pro-
bable services of a profligate and ignorant
swindler, and given him no countenance.
By boasting, however, of the honourable
occupation of a spy, he so imposed on the
credulity of his creditors, that he was en-
abled to slip off to the continent without
coming to a reckoning. His worthy
spouse relied on that part of his father's
estate which was secured to her by the
dexterity of her unfortunate lover. She
well could and conscience he has also
Rhododendron, which is a very
daughter, and they often go to the
the

the fate of their friend Swedenborg, in consequence of his attempts to visit them and himself was judged by the Teck till death. Bob was ill and had to show to Mr. Bolial, Bedzeub has in his not reached the exaltation of his friend, having stopped short at the pillory as cause for the present. This college was also for contemplation for the Countess, and others of the society, but a defect in the evidence postponed their exhibition, which may most probably, yet be a spectacle awaiting those who wish to behold such acts of justice. Tom Croft finding his doctrines unpopular here, has transported himself and them to Germany in hopes that hence they may in that country meet with a more favourable reception. His friend, Polly the reforming barber, having sacrificed his business for the sake of attending the Corresponding Society, and their studies of citizenship, is now well lodged about

lodged in the Marshalsea (for debt) and his wife and family are in the parish of St. Andrew. The philosopher, Subtle, would thus contrive to show that his new doctrines were not merely theoretical; but he has lately presented to the world an account of the celebrated sermon of his own wife. As trade beggars - not Lady Mary - having lost, by a premature death, her intended husband, console herself, in the company of others, in a similar line - and if the Countess, or the ladies of the Coserie, throw out sarcastic jokes, about her gallant being hanged, she can, with a safe conscience, retort, that many of their husbands, if they have not married, have most fully deserved a similar situation. Doctor Mampus perseveres in bestowing virtue and learning upon young men - from his own wonderful stores. Having heard that a man proper for a schoolmaster to prove his learning by publishing a book, he has written all Boon- wise upon Pronunciation, and is content, with infinite erudition, on the different sounds

sounds of the flower with will, which said
 paltry. It is said he means to rise to English
 Grammar, and, by offering the examples,
 to make a new book.
 Miss Boonerg, with equal ardour and
 success, continues to instruct young ladies
 in the ways of wisdom, morality, and reli-
 gion. Not a few of her pupils, having a
 taste for the polite arts, are to be seen in
 the upper boxes of the play-houses. She
 is herself extremely pious; for some time
 she was the votary of Methodism, under
 Mr. Coalheave, a great apostle of the
 sect; but has lately become a member of
 the Missionary Society, having been in-
 troduced to one of its most strenuous
 supporters by an old pupil, who used to
 visit him in his cabin at Blackwall, before
 he took to his theological studies. With
 that divine, and his learned and worthy
 fellow-travellers, she maintained a close
 epistolary correspondence, while they
 made their tour through Scotland, to per-
 suade the people that the clergy, esta-
 blished

blinded by law, were totally unfit for their duty: and that no establishment ought to be formed, unless sanctioned by the permission of these missionary societies. Marked on the map, Mr. Timothy Tappan goes on in his old course of spontaneously undertaking, to arrange the business of all his neighbours: He has, however, of late, been in great tribulation from the miscarriage of two reports, which he had most anxiously cultivated, concerning the failure of the credit of one intimate, and of the virtue of another's daughter. Long as he lived, he had to but to return to our home and his nearest friends. His venerable grandfather, Mr. Longhead, about a year ago, ended a life of wisdom, piety, goodness, and honour, leaving to his son his small paternal estate, and a great inheritance of worth and celebrity, to which that son is making rapid additions, equal to his father in personal qualities, superior in official situation, and external circumstances. Mrs. Tappan

Mr. Wiseman, also advanced in years, having no son, but considering Wilson the destined husband of his daughter, looks to him for the transmission of moral and intellectual worth to his posterity.

Accustomed to the warm climate of India, Mr. Alexander Douglas was not long ere he felt the effects of a change of latitude. His friends earnestly importuned him to take a voyage to more Southern regions, but in vain. His dust, he said, should mingle with that of his forefathers. A few months after, Mr. Longhead he departed this life, and General Douglas became representative of the House of Tay Bank. He and his lady, are growing old, in the pleasing contemplation of the happiness of their children, and daily more delighted with their Charles and Isabella. They now reside chiefly in Scotland: one of their most frequent visitors and intimate friends is Mrs. Goodwill, the generous patroness of their beloved daughter.

A con-

A considerable part of his uncle's estate revolves upon Douglas; and with it an influence which, joined to his personal character, secures him a seat in parliament at the first election. Thoroughly acquainted with philosophy and politics, a manly and eloquent speaker; he bids fair for being eminent in the Senate. Attentive as he is to public affairs, he suffers not his time to be so occupied by them as to neglect any portion of his private concerns. Punctual in his dealings, liberal in his transactions, benevolent, courteous, hospitable; he is the favourite of his neighbours, tenants, dependents and servants. Those who cannot rise to a comprehension of his wisdom and knowledge, can taste, see, and feel his goodness. Reflecting on the various incidents of his past life, he perceives that, whenever he gave way to immoral indulgence, some hurtful consequence was the result, that when his affections were directed by virtue, he experienced comfort and felicity. This

truth

truth was most strongly impressed on him by his intercourse with Lady Mary, and with Isabella, his bane and antidote. From his own case, he concluded, that one of the best preservatives of a young man from profligacy, and restoratives to moral rectitude, is love for an amiable, sensible, and virtuous woman.

The mutual love of Charles and Isabella has been increased by the most endearing pledges of affection that has already produced him two sons. The eldest, Charles, is the mother's favourite, because the likeliest to his father: Alexander, of Charles, because the image of his beautiful and adored Isabella.

F I N I S.



